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CAMPBELL OF KILTEARN.

BY THE

REV. DUNCAN MACGREGOR, M.A.,

ST PETER'S, DUNDEE.

AUTHOR OF "THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL," ETC.

"They rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."
REV. xiv. 13.

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1874.

TO THE

CONGREGATIONS OF LAWERS, GLENLYON,
AND KILTEARN,

THE THREE CONGREGATIONS

TO WHICH MR CAMPBELL SUCCESSIVELY MINISTERED,

THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

St. Peter's, Dundee,
July 1874.

PREFATORY NOTE.

SHORTLY after Mr Campbell's death, I wrote a biographical sketch of him which appeared in the local journal. I have been repeatedly urged by various members of his family to allow it to appear in a less fugitive form. It is with extreme reluctance that I have consented. The original sketch, amplified and re-arranged, will be found in Chapters II. and III. of this little book, the remaining Chapters, with the Notes in the Appendix, have been added. The Notes are, for the most part, short biographical sketches of ministers referred to in the course of the narrative. Some of them were not very widely known in their lifetime—only two of them were famous: but they all did noble work for Christ. It involved a little labour to collect the leading facts of their lives—but the labour was a privilege; and if I have contributed, however little, to embalm their memories, it is amply rewarded.

I have to apologise for the use of the first

person. But, in default of materials, having simply to write down my own recollections and impressions of what I had seen and heard, this was unavoidable. I tried resolutely to write in the third person, but found it impossible to give a narrative in that form without absurd circumlocution.

I am indebted to the Rev. John H. Fraser, Rosskeen, the Rev. William Rose, Poolewe, the Rev. Dugald Shaw, Laggan, the Rev. John Macpherson, Lairg, and the Rev. Malcolm Macgregor, Ferintosh, for valuable materials which reached me as these sheets were passing through the press. They will be found in Chapter V.

Written under the severe pressure, and amid the incessant demands of a laborious town ministry, this little Memorial is sent forth with the earnest prayer that God would crown it with His blessing, and that by means of it His departed servant, though dead, may yet speak.

D. M.

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CAMPBELL OF KILTEARN.

CHAPTER I.

"OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY."—*Heb.* xi. 38.

Kiltearn—Thomas Hog—Act of Uniformity—Four Hundred Ministers—Prison of Forres—The Bass—Banishment to Holland—William of Orange—Return to Kiltearn—Death—Auldgrande—The Viamala—Hugh Miller.

THE parish of Kiltearn is beautifully situated on the northern shore of the Frith of Cromarty, under the shadow of the mighty Wyvis.

Like Anwoth or Glenluce, it is associated with the struggles of Covenanting times. The famous Thomas Hog was ordained as its minister in the year 1654, and laboured there until he was ejected in 1662 by the Act of Uniformity. One object of that infamous Act was to thrust Episcopacy upon Scotland; and, rather than submit to it, four hundred ministers—nearly a half of the national

clergy—forsook all and followed Christ, and, like their Nonconformist brethren in England, went forth from their manses and parishes, not knowing whither they went. Of these four hundred, Thomas Hog of Kiltearn was one of the most distinguished.

He was born in Tain in the year 1628, and studied at the University of Aberdeen. He was licensed to preach the gospel in 1653, and for a short time was chaplain to the Earl of Sutherland. His gifts and graces were so remarkable, that several parishes at the same time eagerly sought to have him as their minister. He chose Kiltearn, and his ministry there was greatly blessed. "The people," says his successor, Mr William Stuart, "were awakened to hear, and he was encouraged to preach Christ Jesus unto them, so that the dry bones began to revive, and pleasant blossoms and hopeful appearances began to display themselves everywhere through the parish." But he was driven from his charge in 1662, and subjected to cruel privations and persecutions. He was imprisoned in Forres for "keeping conventicles." He was liberated on giving bail to appear when called, but strictly prohibited from preaching. He refused to be thus prohibited, however—for "the word was

like fire in his bones"—and for eight years he preached in his own house. Sometimes they met at midnight in the woods; sometimes, after the close of evening, they would assemble in a friendly dwelling, with the doors and windows closed, till daylight streaming down the chimney warned them to disperse. In 1677 the Council summoned him to Edinburgh, and ordered him to be confined in the Tolbooth as "a noted keeper of conventicles." From thence, at the instigation of Archbishop Sharp, he was taken to the Bass, and confined in the lowest and most noisome of its dungeons. "In labours abundant," he was now to be "in prisons frequent, in deaths oft."

These were dark days in Scotland. The public prosecutor was "the bloody Mackenzie." Claverhouse and his dragoons were abroad. The prisons were full, and the heather was red. Christ's faithful witnesses—the Cargills, Pedens, and Rutherfords—prophesied, "clothed in sackcloth." So thoroughly in earnest were the people that, rather than yield to the tyranny of a profligate court and a haughty hierarchy, they drew the sword; and at Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge, and Rullion Green, numbers perished fighting for the privilege of freedom

to worship God. "The graves which lie solitary among our hills, and the tombs which occupy the malefactors' corner in our public burying-grounds, remain to testify of the heavy penalty"* which our martyr-forefathers paid for the privilege.

After two years of dreary imprisonment in the Bass, Hog, along with seven other ministers, including Fraser of Brea, and Mackilligan of Alness, was sent back to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. He was set at liberty on condition that he confined himself within the bounds of Cantire "under penalty of two thousand merks." But two years afterwards we find him again brought to Edinburgh, again remanded to prison, and again liberated. For four years he exercised his ministry secretly, preaching in private houses, and sometimes in lonely moors in the dead of night. At last in 1683, wearied and wasted in body and spirit, he was once more dragged before the Council, charged with "house-conventicles," and sentenced to be banished out of Scotland. After suffering great straits he reached Holland, and was introduced to the Prince of Orange, who held him in high esteem, and in due time appointed him one of his chap-

* "The Headship of Christ." By Hugh Miller, p. 20.

lains. After the Revolution he was restored in 1691 to his beloved flock at Kiltearn, after a separation of thirty years. It was a happy re-union, but it was not destined to last. He died the following year, on the 4th of January 1692, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, amidst the tears and regrets of a sorrowing flock, who had welcomed back their old pastor after all his sufferings and wanderings. On his deathbed he gave charge that he should be buried in the threshold of his church, that his people might regard him as a sentinel placed at the door to keep out intruders. And on his tombstone was written the following striking inscription :—

THIS . STONE . SHALL . BEAR . WITNESS .
AGAINST . THE . PARISHIONERS . OF . KILTEARN
IF . THEY . BRING . ANE . UNGODLY . MINISTER .
IN . HERE .

During his last illness, amid much bodily suffering, he was filled with the consolations of God. But, as if to check himself, he would say, "*Consolation pleaseth us, but submission pleaseth God.*"—Jesus' words to Mary (John xx. 17), "Go to my brethren, and say unto them I ascend unto my

Father and your Father, and to my God and your God," were sweeter than honey to his soul. To the brother who afterwards became his successor he said, "Never did the sun in the firmament shine more brightly to the eyes of my body than Christ, the sun of righteousness, hath shined on my soul." To another friend he said, "I cannot give a look to the Lord, but I am fully persuaded of His everlasting love." His last words were, "Now He is come, He is come, my Lord is come! Praises, praises to Him for evermore!"

Wodrow, in his correspondence, designates him as "that great and, I had almost said, apostolical servant of Christ, Mr Thomas Hog." *

But Kiltearn has a special interest of a different kind. The river Auldgrande runs through it, and falls into the Frith of Cromarty. The channel of this river is a most singular phenomenon. The solid rock is rent, as if by an earthquake, from the surface down to a depth varying from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet. The rent is more than a mile in length, but so narrow that at some points you might leap across. Through the dark, tortuous, precipitous chasm

* Note A.

the river tears its way. The effect when you first come upon it is quite startling. Within half a mile of Evanton you enter a beautiful wood; by-and-by you hear a hoarse, crashing, wailing sound. In a moment you are on the edge of the horrid abyss, down in whose depths, far out of sight, the Auldgrande boils, and struggles, and rolls its vext waters to the sea. It is by far the strangest natural curiosity of the kind in this country. Except the Viamala, near the foot of the Splügen Pass, in Switzerland, where the Rhine, forcing its way through a narrow cleft in the rock, two hundred and forty-seven feet in depth, foams and roars like thunder, I have never seen anything like the Auldgrande. I am surprised that so few either scientific or ordinary sightseers have seen it. I have no doubt that in this scene of wild grandeur the saintly Thomas Hog often mused in awe and wonder upon his Father's handiwork, and that the subject of this little book often made the wood of Auldgrande both his study and his oratory. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord! and thy saints shall bless thee."

In his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," Hugh Miller gives a description of the Auldgrande, which will give the reader a far more vivid idea of this wonderful gorge than any words of mine. "For a considerable distance the river runs through a precipitous gulf of great depth, and so near do the sides approach each other that herd boys have been known to climb across on the trees, which, jutting out on either edge, interweave their branches over the centre. In many places the river is wholly invisible; its voice, however, is ever lifted up in a wild, sepulchral wailing, that seems the lament of an imprisoned spirit. In one part there is a bridge of undressed logs thrown over the chasm. And here, says the late Dr Robertson in his statistical account of the parish, the observer, if he can look down on the gulf below without any uneasy sensation, will be gratified by a view equally awful and astonishing. The wildness of the steep and rugged rocks,—the gloomy horror of the cliffs and caverns, inaccessible to mortal tread, and where the genial rays of the sun never yet penetrated,—the waterfalls, which are heard pouring down in different parts of the precipice, with sounds various in proportion to

their distances,—the hoarse and hollow murmuring of the river, which runs at the depth of one hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth,—the fine groves of pines, which majestically climb the sides of a beautiful eminence that rises immediately from the brink of the chasm,—all these objects cannot be contemplated without exciting emotions of wonder and admiration in the mind of every beholder." *

* Scenes and Legends, chap. xi. p. 171.

CHAPTER II.

"AND THE LORD TOOK ME AS I FOLLOWED THE FLOCK, AND THE LORD SAID UNTO ME, GO, PROPHESY UNTO MY PEOPLE ISRAEL."—*Amos* vii. 15.

Summary of leading events—Dreamland—Communion in Glenlyon—John Macalister—The Three Brothers—William Mackenzie—Moderatism of Perthshire—Dugald Buchanan—Simeon of Cambridge, and Stewart of Moulin—The Haldanes—William Tulloch—John Macpherson and Archibald Cameron—James Kennedy's evangelistic labours—Robert Findlater—Macgillivray of Strathfillan—Dr Macdonald's visits in 1816 and 1817—"The Great Sacrament"—Tide of Evangelical Religion turning—Findlater's Translation to Inverness—The walk from Glenlyon to Ferintosh.

THE Rev. Duncan Campbell was minister of Kiltearn for nearly thirty-two years. He became intimately associated with the religious history and life of Ross-shire. The main part of his life-work was done there. He held so tender a place in the hearts of many of the best and worthiest in that highly-favoured country, that his memory will long be green in their recollection. In ordinary circumstances I should not presume to undertake the

present task. It has been thought, however, by those to whose judgment I am bound to defer, that something is due to his memory from one who came very early under his influence, who knew him before he went to Ross-shire, who remembers, though of course indistinctly, how earnestly and successfully he laboured in turning the tide of Evangelical religion in his native county. In particular, his widow's dying wish must be held sacred. In her last letter, she charged me to prepare some memorial of him.

I may state that there are no letters, manuscripts, or biographic materials of any kind. The few reminiscences here given have been dredged up from the sea of memory, where for more than thirty years they had lain buried deep down under the ooze.

Our sketch does not profess to follow the successive stages of his life, or even to treat any one of them in detail. From the date of his translation to Kiltearn, I only saw him at rare intervals. We sometimes crossed each other's path like ships at sea. But I never heard him preach after that date, except twice or thrice at Lawers in 1856 and 1857. It may therefore be better, at this point, to group together a few of the leading events of his life.

He was born at Roroyar, Glenlyon, on the 21st of August 1796. He was born again in January 1817, at the age of twenty-one; and the means of his conversion was a sermon by Mr Robert Findlater from Jer. viii. 22,—"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" * He entered the University of Edinburgh in session 1821-2, and completed his attendance in April 1830. He was licensed at Moulin by the Presbytery of Dunkeld on the 1st of March 1832, and appointed as one of the agents of the Perth City Mission. He was ordained as minister of the Mission Church of Lawers on the 23d of January 1834. He was translated to the parliamentary charge of Innerwick, Glenlyon, on the 25th of April 1837. He was inducted as minister of the Parish of Kiltearn on the 17th March 1842, and laboured there till his death, which took place on the 21st October 1873.

I remember him as far back as I remember anything. He was of my mother's kindred, pretty closely connected, although his ancestors settled in Glenlyon, hers in Breadalbane. She often spoke of him

* Memoir of the Rev. Robert Findlater, page 195.

and his brother David with warm affection, and, I think, regarded them as ideal preachers. Her eye kindled as she talked of their manful and victorious battle with early disadvantages and difficulties. Their career, and Glenlyon as the place of their birth, was full of interest to me. The subject carries me back into the dream-land of childhood—the "time when," (to quote Wordsworth's beautiful lines),

> "Meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Glenlyon was then as wonderful to me as the Valley of Yosemitè itself, the Linn of Balgie was like the whirlpool of Charybdis, the "Black Wood" was as awful as the Thuringian Forest, the Pass of Larig-an-Lochan rivalled the Great St Bernard, Ben Lawers was higher than Chimborazo!

It was in those days I first saw Mr Campbell. It was at the sacrament in Glenlyon, where his brother David was minister at the time. From every hamlet in the Glen (Cairnban, Innervar, Roozkich, Cambusvracktan, on the north side of the river—and Inverinan, Roro, Balnahannat, Craigellick, on the

south); from the surrounding districts of Rannoch, Fortingal, Breadalbane—a great crowd assembled round the tent at Innerwick—and good John Macalister of Nigg * began the service, reading in sonorous and impressive tones the lines (Ps. lxviii. 7-10)—

O God, what time Thou didst go forth
Before Thy people's face:
And when through the great wilderness
Thy glorious marching was, &c.

Patrick Campbell, the eldest brother, who, I was told, was schoolmaster in the Glen, conducted the psalmody, and I still remember the pathetic wail of the psalm. Mr William Mackenzie of Comrie, afterwards of Dunblane, and more recently of North Leith, followed Mr Macalister; and Mr Duncan Campbell, who was then a city missionary in Perth, delivered the concluding address. As he stepped into the tent, the unusual sight of the three brothers, Duncan, David, and Patrick—standing in the tent together, was the subject of general remark; and this made the fact memorable to me. He began by singing Ps. xxii. 22-25—

I will shew forth Thy name unto
Those that my brethren are;
Amidst the congregation
Thy praise I will declare, &c

* Note B.

His text has escaped me, but I vividly remember his tall, erect figure, manly presence, dark locks, dark-flashing eyes, the solemn, wave-like tones of his voice, the deep impression upon the audience. His good old mother, who sat on the edge of the crowd, was an object of deep interest and almost envy to the matrons present. The people of the Glen seemed to feel a pardonable pride in hearing the gospel from the lips of two who had grown up among themselves, in whom they felt a sort of special property, and I heard it remarked then and since that both the brothers were exceptions to the rule that "a prophet is without honour in his own country."

He was present on the Monday, but took no part in the service. Mr Mackenzie again preached from Tit. ii. 12, "Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously," &c.; and Mr Macalister from Heb. xi. 13, "These all died in faith . . . and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

He was ordained at Lawers on the 23d Jan. 1834. But before speaking of his work there, I must give a rapid glance at the religious history of Perthshire.

The moderatism of Perthshire was very dense and dark. The character of the parochial clergy as a rule was very low. Some of them were scholarly men, fairly acquainted with the classics, gentlemanly; some loved the bottle, and might be seen carousing in low taverns. Family worship was unknown in their homes. They were ignorant of the very terminology of the gospel. The people lived and died in darkness. Sometimes, but at long intervals, a solitary light shone here and there, making the darkness visible; but it was removed soon. Dugald Buchanan, the poet, was a great light in Rannoch, in the middle of last century; and his grand epics, "The Majesty of God," "The Suffering Saviour," "The Day of Judgment," "The Dream," "The Skull," &c., mark him for ever as the Dante of Gaelic poetry. Dr Fleming, afterwards of Kirkcaldy, and latterly of Lady Yester's, Edinburgh, was minister of Kenmore for a short time about the close of the century. In 1796, Simeon of Cambridge visited Moulin, and his visit was as life from the dead both to the Rev. Mr Stewart, the minister (afterwards of Dingwall), and to his people. Moulin was the scene of a glorious revival—many were added to the Lord; among

others, an honoured couple, to whom in due time a son was born—Alexander Duff—who was destined to become the prince of foreign missionaries in our own time. In the summer of 1797 James A. Haldane, accompanied by Aikman and others, made his first preaching tour through Scotland. Multitudes were awakened; and some of these, with such slender equipment as they had, began to preach the gospel. I have heard my mother speak of one Farquharson, a Baptist, whose labours were widely blessed in Breadalbane, and also in Glenlyon, who visited my grandfather's house, and prayed beside my aunt, a little girl, as she lay dying. William Tulloch, too, whom I dimly remember, long preached the gospel faithfully in Athole. Nor must I forget to add that John Macpherson, a ripe scholar, a distinguished instructor of youth, a devoted evangelist, assisted by such coadjutors as good old Archibald Cameron, Fortingal, and his nephew, Duncan Cameron, kept the lamp of a faithful testimony for Christ burning in the little Baptist Chapel at Ballinluig, Loch-Tay side.

In 1806 Mr James Kennedy was ordained as pastor of the Independent congregation at Aber-

feldy, and, during the twenty years of his incumbency there, was honoured in bringing many souls to Christ. He was full of evangelistic zeal, and itinerated through Breadalbane, Glen Lyon, Strathardle, &c., &c., preaching the glad tidings. "The hand of the Lord was with him, and a great number believed, and turned to the Lord." People flocked to hear him from distances of twenty and thirty miles. He frequently visited Glenlyon, and his visits were greatly blessed. One winter he laboured there without intermission for two months, and preached in all the hamlets. "In the day-time," says a venerable eye-witness who still survives (the Rev. David Campbell, of Lawers), "he preached in the open air at the Dūn of Laggan-a-cha, and at night in private houses or barns. Such was the melting pathos and power of his preaching, that, uniformly as he drew his sermon to a close, and uttered the words, '*But to conclude*,' the place became a scene of weeping." In a masterly sketch of Mr Kennedy's labours in Aberfeldy by his son, the Rev. Dr Kennedy of Stepney, London, there occurs the following reference to his visits to Glenlyon,— "Day after day, and night after night, crowds

assembled in barns and under the shelter of the woods to listen to those strange things which had been brought to their ears. Sometimes amid bleak winds and drifting snows, with their lamps suspended, fairy-like, from the fir trees which sheltered them, preachers and people were so overcome that the service was interrupted by the strength of their emotions. The great theme on these occasions was the love of Christ. That same wondrous story which arrested the callous and stupid Greenlanders, to whom for years before the Moravians had taught the being and attributes of God in vain, melted the hearts of the Highlanders, and won many of them back to their God and Father."* No name deserves to be mentioned with greater honour in connection with the religious history of Perthshire than that of the Rev. James Kennedy.†

In March 1810 the Rev. Robert Findlater was ordained as missionary pastor of the united charges of Lawers and Ardeonaig, on Loch-Tay side. It was "the time to favour Zion" in Breadalbane.

* Proceedings at Jubilee Meeting in honour of the Rev. James Kennedy, at Inverness, July 1856.

† Note C.

There was a blessed newness about his preaching. He spoke from the heart. He "seemed as if joy made him speak." It was like the opening of the heavens. Crowds flocked after him, and when he crossed the loch to preach he was followed by a fleet of boats. Sabbath schools and prayer meetings were set up. There was a shaking among the dry bones. One after another came to him asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Donald Macgillivray (who died at Kilmalie in 1835), quaint and homely, but endowed with rare genius, and with a passion for Old Testament typology, was ordained about the same time in the sequestered valley of Strathfillan, and preached the gospel with great power and abundant tokens of blessing.* He frequently visited Breadalbane on sacramental occasions, and his visits were largely blessed. The echoes of several of his sermons reached us twenty years afterwards. My mother often spoke of one upon Gen. xxiv. 58, "Wilt thou go with this man?" which brought many to decide for Christ; and of another upon Ezek. xvi. 3 and 63, "Thy birth and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan, thy father was an Amorite, and thy

* Note D.

mother an Hittite. . . . That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame," &c., which was long remembered as the means of deepening the spiritual life of many of God's people. I have also heard my revered father speak of two notable sermons of his which produced a deep impression—one upon Deut. xxxii. 10, 11, "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young," &c.; and the other upon Jer. l. 4, 5, "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping; they shall go and seek the Lord their God. They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward," &c. His name deserves prominent notice in any sketch of the revival of evangelical religion in that district. His memory is still tenderly cherished there.

He was succeeded at Strathfillan by John Macdougall, who afterwards removed to Campbeltown, then to Lochgoilhead, and who has but very recently

rested from his labours. Dr Hugh Mackenzie, a minister of eminent gifts and graces, was translated from Clyne, in Sutherlandshire, to Killin in 1827.

At Mr Findlater's earnest request, Dr Macdonald of Ferintosh visited Ardeonaig in 1816, and his coming was as a kind of avatar of the divine power and presence. On the Communion Sabbath he preached his famous sermon upon the text, "Thy Maker is thy husband." Isaiah liv. 5. It occupied two hours and twenty minutes in the delivery. There was an extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit. The preacher was so overshadowed by the Divine presence, and the word was attended by such overwhelming power, that there was not a dry eye in the vast assembly. Multitudes cried aloud. Others could not contain themselves for joy. It was a day of Pentecost: "and great grace was upon them all." A Gaelic teacher, who was esteemed as a godly man by all who knew him, declared that "he knew fifty persons who were awakened by that sermon, that he was one of them himself, and that he was the only one of them all of whose conversion he was doubtful." But this only gives a faint idea of the wonderful results of that day. The blessing flowed to all the sur-

rounding parishes. That Sacrament is still spoken of in Breadalbane as "The Great Sacrament."

It is deeply interesting to observe how at that very time the tide of evangelical religion was rising all over Scotland. From 1810 onwards, Dr Andrew Thomson in the pulpit of St George's, Edinburgh; from 1815 onwards, Chalmers in the pulpit of the Tron Church of Glasgow, exercised such commanding power and ascendency, as the champions of evangelical truth, that they carried all before them.

We now pass on to 1834—the year of the Veto—when Mr Campbell was ordained at Lawers. We can partly imagine how the long interval was filled up. We can imagine frequent, almost weekly, journeys over the hills to hear Findlater preach at Lawers or Ardeonaig, until he was translated to Inverness in May 1821. So helpful was Findlater to both the brothers, that after his lamented death in 1832, one of them, when paying a tender tribute to his memory, publicly stated that he (Findlater) was mainly instrumental in bringing him forward to the ministry. We can imagine preparations for College—actual entrance of both the brothers at the University of Edin-

burgh—boxes slowly moving from Roroyar to the metropolis, containing, along with sundry other things, pleasant dainties, hams, chickens, and such like desirable creature comforts (*mementoes* of a mother's love),—scrambles for bursaries, successful or unsuccessful—steady pulling, conscientious diligence in picking a fair share of what learning was going,—mayhap a stray prize on occasion. We can imagine their thrill of delight when they entered the Divinity Hall, and heard the thunder of Chalmers' eloquence. Two authentic facts I have got hold of belonging to the period. The one—told me by Patrick Campbell *—that when his brothers were at College, during their holidays, he and they not unfrequently walked from Glenlyon to Muthil to hear good Mr Russel. When one looks at the map it seems a formidable walk to church, but they thought nothing of it. Striking across the east shoulder of Ben Lawers, they came down upon Loch Tay, crossed, cut across the Cairn Jarrak to Comrie, then east to Muthil. The other fact is a still more notable instance of the same kind, viz., that the two students walked from Glenlyon to Ferintosh to attend the Communion.

* Note E.

The distance by the road is one hundred and sixteen miles! and it was added that although they walked every step of the journey the only refreshment they partook of on the way was a single glass of porter each and a hunch of bread. It is a wonderful fact, fitted to be of use in these soft and effeminate days. I have heard that when Thomas Boston was at Ettrick, his little church was for twenty years the centre of intellectual and spiritual stimulus to a whole country side. There was more fresh thought going there perhaps than in most of our Divinity Halls. Farmers and shepherds from the neighbourhood of Carnwath and Biggar went every Sabbath to Ettrick, a distance, to and from, of say, fifty miles, during the preaching of the Fourfold State.* These men were face to face with many of the problems which philosophers are still discussing—face to face with the greatest realities—God, Sin, Atonement, Heaven, Eternity. Last summer, when on a ramble in the Highlands, I heard of persons walking in considerable numbers from Assynt to Creich to attend the Communion. It struck me as a great and beautiful fact, especially at a time when the radius of

* Walker's Cunningham Lectureship, p. 186.

walking distance to church, generally speaking, is contracted to less than a couple of miles, and is steadily diminishing. But these brothers, walking two hundred and thirty-two miles, to and from, to enjoy the privilege of a Communion season in the Burn of Ferintosh, furnish a still more astonishing illustration of the magnetic power of the gospel upon earnest and susceptible hearts.

CHAPTER III.

"OTHER MEN LABOURED, AND YE ARE ENTERED INTO THEIR LABOURS."—*John* iv. 38.

Ministry at Lawers — Texts — Gig Accident — Favourite Psalms—Marriage—Dr Macdonald's visits in 1835 and 1836—Sermon upon Isa. xxxv. 10—Weeping—"Look over to the Shaw-head."

At Lawers Mr Campbell may be said to have resumed the work begun by Mr Findlater more than twenty years before. Findlater laid the foundations, and began to build; Mr Campbell "entered into his labours" and carried the walls up higher. He was more happily circumstanced, however, than his predecessor, as his labours were confined to Lawers alone; while another devoted labourer, Mr Donald Mackenzie (nephew of the famous Lachlan Mackenzie of Lochcarron), was appointed soon afterwards to Ardeonaig, on the opposite shore of the lake.* Mr Elder (now Dr Elder of Rothesay) was appointed to Killin. Mr Campbell was thus able to concentrate his strength. A great change soon became apparent. Sabbath-schools, Sabbath-

* Note F.

evening sermons, Bible-classes, prayer meetings, household visitations, district preachings in school-houses and cottages, were in active operation. It was like summer after winter. "The time of the singing of birds was come." People came great distances. The church was filled. I can remember deeply-interested groups walking home by moonlight, rehearsing the sermons.* One thing particularly struck me. Of those who attended the parish church, neither old nor young seemed to feel the slightest interest in what they heard, or remember a word. Except one ludicrous *attempt* at a sermon to us, Sabbath scholars, from 2 Kings ii. 23, "Go up, thou bald-head—Go up thou bald-head"—the scope and aim of which seemed to be to warn us against calling each other nicknames, and which created a general titter over the church—I don't remember a word I ever heard within its walls. It was very different at Lawers. Mr Campbell preached the Bostonian theology—with a manifest desire to win souls. Here are some of his texts in those days; they will show the scope of his teaching. "Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth"

* Note G.

(Song i. 3). "And it shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, &c." (Isa. xxvii. 13). "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children" (Isa. liv. 13). "So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me" (Ezek. xxxiii. 7). The valley of dry bones (Ezek. xxxvii. 1-10). "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death" (Prov. xiv. 32). "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving kindness, have I drawn thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3). "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope," &c. (Zech. ix. 12). "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him" (Gen. v. 24). "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Mat. xi. 28). "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" (Luke xii. 32). "And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it,

Saying," &c." (Luke xix. 41, 42). "Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent" (Acts xiii. 26). "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation," &c. (Heb. ii. 3), &c. &c. So instant was he "in season, and out of season," that once, after a severe gig accident, when he sustained severe hurts about the head, he appeared in the pulpit the following Sabbath, with his head bandaged and strips of sticking-plaster on his temples, and preached a most impressive sermon from Heb. ii. 1. "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." A sermon he preached on the history of revivals from Ps. cii. 16.—"When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in his glory"—produced a deep impression on his people. He repeated it on a Fast-day in Kenmore shortly afterwards, and as he referred with manifest emotion to the glorious "appearings" at Shotts and Irvine, Cambuslang and Kilsyth, Moulin and Breadalbane, the old minister—who had succeeded Mr Stewart at Moulin, and looked coldly on the work of revival

there as a mere outbreak of fanaticism—winced visibly and painfully. I remember a touching New Year sermon upon the words (Job xvi. 22), "When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return;" and I remember the weeping at his farewell sermon in April 1837, when he left Lawers for Glenlyon. The text was Rev. xxii. 20.—"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so; come, Lord Jesus."

I remember his favourite Psalms, and his grave, measured insistance in reading them. Of course the 23d was one; the 45th was another; the 68th was another. He often began the service with Ps. xxvii. 4:—

"One thing I of the Lord desired,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within God's house remain," &c.

Often with Ps. xl. 6:—

"No sacrifice nor offering
Didst thou at all desire;
Mine ears thou bored; sin-off'ring thou
And burnt did'st not require," &c.

Oftener still with Ps. lxiii. 1:—

"Lord, thee my God, I'll early seek:
My soul doth thirst for thee:

My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,
Wherein no waters be:
That I thy power may behold,
And brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore
Within thy holy place," &c.

The 84th and 87th, the 72d, 89th, and 92d, he delighted in; and his frequent use of them in the service of praise stamped such words as, "Passing thorough Baca's vale," "When God the people writes, He'll count," "His name for ever shall endure," "O greatly blessed the people are," "But like the palm-tree flourishing," indelibly upon the memory. The 132d was a special favourite, and our ears became familiar with the sweet strains: —

"For God of Zion hath made choice;
There He desires to dwell.
This is my rest, here still I'll stay;
For I do like it well.
Her food I'll greatly bless: her poor
With bread will satisfy.
Her priests I'll clothe with health; her saints
Shall shout forth joyfully," &c.

He frequently concluded with Ps. xlv. 10, 11, as if to bring halting souls to decision:—

"O daughter, hearken, and regard,
And do thine ear incline:
Likewise forget thy father's house,
And people that are thine," &c.

The self-application with which he read the Psalms—the tone and look of appropriation; not as if they were printed words in a book, but as the divine expression of his own inmost life—his own true Cardiphonia—is still memorable to me.

It must be admitted that the sons of Asaph were not well represented in the church of Lawers. The worthy precentor was not a disciple of Mozart or Beethoven. His ear was a stranger to "the touches of sweet harmony." The good old man, probably without knowing it, frequently glided from one tune to another. When this catastrophe occurred, and discord threatened to become the order of the day, the minister's voice rang clear and high above the Babel sounds, and brought us back to the tune with which we began. It was no ordinary relief and satisfaction when blind Duncan Macdiarmid, the musician, visited the district, and conducted the psalmody for a day. His voice was a splendid tenor:—

> "It had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing, and giving odours."

I was too young to judge of his homiletical methods. I don't suppose they were at any time

very rigorous. Probably his logic would not be considered keen. He did not possess Dr Kennedy of Dingwall's faculty of spiritual analysis. He lacked the genius, perhaps, and the Titanic force of John Macrae of Knockbain. But he was fairly acquainted with Dogmatics, and had studied the great theologians of the seventeenth century. He was "a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." His teaching bore marks of careful thought. It was living, solid, tender. It dealt with the grand essentials—Ruin by the Fall, Redemption by Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Ghost. It was characterised by great unction and earnestness. It was level to the capacities of his hearers, so that "the common people heard him gladly." Above all, it was blessed by the Great Head of the Church for the conversion and salvation of many souls. His presence was commanding; his voice was full and musical, and when he got into the swing of his sermon, it rose and fell in pleasing and impressive resonances.

On the 21st of May 1835 he married Margaret, daughter of Dr Macdonald of Ferintosh, and the two most memorable episodes in his Lawers ministry were two visits which the apostle of the north

paid him in 1835 and 1836. At this distance of time, however, the two visits—like two views under a stereoscope—seem to my mind like one. Ever since 1816, Dr Macdonald was known in Perthshire as "the Great Macdonald." Like the Lesmahagow man who believed that the two greatest preachers that ever lived were the apostle Paul and George Whitfield—the Perthshire folks of those days considered John Macdonald and John Kennedy of Redcastle the two greatest living preachers. I have heard my mother say that the most wonderful sermons she ever heard were two which Dr Macdonald preached during his first visit to Breadalbane, from 1 Peter i. 12, "Which things the angels desire to look into," and Isaiah xxii. 22, "And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open and none shall shut; and he shall shut and none shall open." To us children there seemed to be a sort of *nimbus* around the good doctor as he drove past in his gig. How I envied his son, a boy who sat in the gig beside him! At the bridge of Tyan-loan, under the shadow of the old oak which has stood there for centuries, he saw a frail old man, John Anderson, once an important official in Taymouth Castle,

leaning heavily on his staff, and resting against the parapet of the bridge. He stopped the gig, and spoke a few tender words to him about the love of God, and the blood of Jesus, and the need of a sure hope for eternity. "And pray, whom have I the honour of addressing?" said the old man, with a look of surprise. "I am Mr Macdonald, the minister from the north," said the doctor, "and I am going to the Communion at Lawers." A vast crowd assembled to hear the great preacher. I heard him preach four times. First, upon his favourite subject, Justification. His text was Isa. liv. 17, last clause, "And their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." Second, upon the *conflict between the old and new man in believers*. His text was Romans vii. 14, "For we know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin." Third, upon one of Christ's miracles, I forget which, but I remember his argument. He asserted and maintained that Christ's miracles proved—(1.) His divinity; (2.) His divine mission; (3.) The truth of His doctrine; and (4.) His mercy. At some one of these services, he read Ezek. xxxvii. 1-10 before sermon, and a good old man, a Mr Campbell, then a merchant in Killin, who sat beside

us, whispered to his neighbour, "He's to be on the work of the Spirit to-day." It was not so, however. On the Monday, "the last day of the feast," he preached the most extraordinary sermon I ever heard from him upon Isa. xxxv. 10, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." I can remember the portly figure, the long glossy satin vest, the cheery, joyous expression of his eye, as he rose in the tent to begin the service, and scanned the mighty crowd; the eager and breathless expectancy of the people, when the preacher had fairly begun, the masterly analysis of his text, the enunciation of his topics, and how, as the sermon rolled on, the mighty, trumpet-like voice went pealing through the crowd, and the subject stood out in vivid realization before our very eyes and souls. The body of the sermon was one glowing description of the bright ascent of the ransomed. The far-off land seemed very near. "We could almost think we gazed through golden vistas into heaven." But at the close he made an appeal to the unsaved which was literally overwhelming. After speaking

of the need of a ransom, an atonement, a satisfaction by blood, in consequence of man's deep guilt, and the spirituality and unchangeableness of God's law, he shewed the impossibility of justification by works, and urged all to accept the glorious righteousness gratuitously offered in the gospel. Then he pointed out the terrible doom of despisers, slowly quoting the words of Heb. x. 26, 27, "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries;" and suddenly raising his voice, he cried in his very loudest tone, "Agus a chnuimh nach bàsaich gad chagnadh gu siorruidh" (the worm gnawing for ever)! It was as if a flash of lightning had struck the congregation. The effect was indescribable. Hundreds wept as they sang the parting psalm—

> "They shall be brought with gladness great,
> And mirth on every side,
> Into the Palace of the King,
> And there they shall abide." *

It must have been a repetition, almost to the very letter, of the scene at Hyndbottom, when Richard Cameron preached one of his last sermons. A

* Note H.

vast multitude sit before him on the moorland. He knows that his days are numbered, and he speaks with unusual solemnity. As he reaches the climax, he cries, "I take instruments before these hills and mountains around us, that I have offered Him unto you this day. Angels are wondering at the offer. They stand beholding with admiration, that our Lord is giving you such an offer this day. . . . *Look over to the Shawhead,* and all those hills! Look at them! They are all witnesses now, and when you are dying, they shall come before your face." "The old chronicler," I quote the words of James Dodds, "with Hebraic beauty and simplicity, records, 'Here both minister and people fell into a state of calm weeping!'" *

* Dodds' Covenanters, p. 271, 2.

CHAPTER IV.

FRAGMENTS.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING BE LOST."—*John* vi. 12.

Early Convictions of Sin—Matt. x. 28, "Fear not them which Kill the Body"—Communion of 1836 in Glenlyon—Sermon upon the Wheat and the Tares—School-House of Balnaguard—"Healing the Hurt Slightly"—Funeral at Duallan—The Self-Existence of God—His Mother's Death—Assembly of 1842—The Two Sermons—Burns's Poems.

1. WHEN Duncan Campbell was a child of seven or eight years old, he had deep convictions of sin, and was sometimes greatly alarmed. He and his brother Patrick always slept together. One night he became so alarmed, that Patrick had to get up out of bed and hold him in his arms, the poor child crying incessantly, "I am lost—my soul is lost! O my sin—my sin!" How early the Lord begins to call little children!

2. When Mr Campbell came to preach as a candidate at Lawers, he spent two nights in our

immediate neighbourhood. On the Sabbath evening a large number of people assembled in the house where he lived, for family worship. They crowded every corner of the house, and packed the parlour and kitchen, stairs and lobby. My mother was there, and she took me with her. He catechised us all round. He asked me, "Whom should we fear?" (alluding to Mat. x. 28, "Fear not them which kill," &c.) I gave some stupid answer; but it was an incidental advantage, as it led him to quote the text containing the answer he desired, and make some remarks upon it. He told us some of his own early experiences. When he was a young lad, he said, his conscience often troubled him. He was ill at ease. He was not at peace with God. A sense of guilt lay like ice upon his heart. The thought of death tormented him with gloomy forebodings. The question, "What will become of me? where will I spend eternity?" robbed him of sleep and rest. I was struck with this unveiling of his inner history. I sometimes wished he told us more of his inward feelings and thoughts. For he was reserved and reticent upon the subject in the pulpit. Though characteristic of the time, it was perhaps a defect

in his teaching. Paul often speaks of the "great light from heaven which shone round about him" on the way to Damascus. He speaks of it before the multitude in Jerusalem. (Acts xxii.) It forms the burden of his apology before Agrippa. (Acts xxvi.) He speaks of it in his epistles to the Galatians and Philippians. (Gal. i. 11-17; Philip. iii. 4-11.) He speaks of it in his First Epistle to Timothy. (1 Tim. i. 12-16.) William Burns frequently referred to his own conversion. So did Robert M'Cheyne, so did John Milne. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." (Ps. lxvi. 16).

3. It must have been in the summer of 1836 that he preached a striking sermon at the Communion in Glenlyon on the Parable of the Tares. (Mat. xiii. 24-30). In the conclusion of it he made a very solemn application of the words (v. 30), "Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles," &c. He spoke of bundles of swearers, bundles of liars, bundles of drunkards and of the unclean, bundles of formalists and of hypocrites, bundles of Sabbath-breakers and of prayerless ones, bundles of scoffers and of despisers, bundles of delayers and of Christ-

rejecters, &c. (an alarming enumeration); then, proceeding to speak of the separation of the tares from the wheat, he said,—Godly husbands will then part for ever with their ungodly wives, and godly wives with their ungodly husbands; godly parents will part with their ungodly children, and godly children with their ungodly parents; godly Sabbath-school teachers will part with careless scholars, for whom they prayed and laboured; godly ministers will bid an everlasting farewell to godless hearers. They will be swift witnesses against them. They will profess to them, "We preached the law, and you broke it; we preached the gospel, and you despised it; we warned you to flee from the wrath to come, but you stopped your ears; we entreated you to accept Christ as a Saviour from sin and wrath, but you would have none of Him,—and now Eternity will not retrieve your loss!" It was an affecting peroration. Tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke, and there was a general melting through the congregation.

At the close of the service, his brother David,* who was then minister of Glenlyon, stood up and warned those who had to cross Larig-an-lochan

* Note J.

to Breadalbane against the practice of drinking at the half-way house on the top of the hill. It was a shepherd or gamekeeper's lodge, I suppose, and was often a welcome "rest and be thankful" to weary tourists and travellers. But on sacramental occasions in those days it was sometimes turned into a public-house, where those who had been attending the communion in some cases drank freely on the way home. It was a deplorable scandal. Instances were not wanting where persons who had spent the day amid the solemnities of a communion Sabbath in Glenlyon reached their homes on Lochtayside flustered with liquor. To put an end to such a scandalous practice, Mr David Campbell added, — "So grieved are we to hear of these excesses that my brother Mr Elder* and myself are willing to drive to the top of the hill and see you past this mantrap."

4. His labours in Strathtay were much blessed. He frequently assisted the minister of Grandtully on sacramental occasions. He had a special tie to the district. A sermon he preached in the school-

* The Minister of Killin. He was assisting at Glenlyon that day.

house of Balnaguard at an early period of his ministry was blessed for the conversion of souls, and whenever he passed that way, the people always "expected a word." Once he happened to pass in the heat of harvest; they left the harvest-field, and flocked to the school house to hear him, and reaped their fields by moonlight.* It was a striking proof of their appreciation of his ministry. He remembered the incident in his later years, with feelings of thankfulness, and sometimes spoke of it to his intimate friends. In that same school-house, William Burns afterwards "preached the gospel, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven."

5. One communion Sabbath he assisted at ——. The action-sermon, and especially the table service, assumed throughout that the people were all converted. There was no reference to the blood of Jesus, or the grace of the Holy Ghost. There was nothing said of the necessity of a change of heart, or of the fruits that spring from such a change. Not a hint was given, of the danger, or even the possibility, of "eating and drinking unworthily." All were indiscriminately invited to the table. Some were there

* This incident is understated here. See page 87.

who had not even been in church since the previous communion. They were all the children of God, it was said, and on the way to heaven. It was a melancholy example of the blind leading the blind. Mr Campbell addressed the second table. It was observed that he spoke with deep emotion. He endeavoured to suppress it, but as if in spite of himself he took the words of Jer. vi. 14, "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace"—and delivered a tender, searching, rousing address.

6. Lieutenant Campbell, Lower Duallan, Lawers, died in the spring of 1836. On his funeral day, there was deep snow on the ground, the wind was snell and keen. The face of nature was suggestive of death. Mr Campbell was at the funeral, and it was observed that his prayer was more than usually solemn. The shadowiness of life, and the nearness of death, judgment, and eternity seemed to impress him deeply. He seemed to feel what the Psalmist sings—"None of them can his soul from death deliver." "We thank Thee," he said, in the opening sentences, "for giving us so many lessons at the expense of others. They die to keep us

mindful of death, to teach us how to die," &c. Was it an echo of Chalmers's grand petition, "keep us ever mindful of time how short, of life how uncertain, of death how certain, of judgment how awful!"

7. One day he preached a sermon at Lawers, on the Divine attributes. He spoke of God's eternity, immortality, invisibility, omnipotence, omnipresence, &c. He spoke in Gaelic: and he had to use several hard and unfamiliar terms. When he came to speak of God's self-existence, feeling, apparently, that Gaelic is not perhaps the best vehicle for giving exact expression to thoughts so abstract and so high, he said, "Here is a word which I am afraid you will not understand." While all listened with ears erect, "God," he proceeded, "is fèin-bhitheach—self-existent." Had he proposed to discuss Dr Samuel Clarke's "*à priori* argument for the Being and Attributes of God," and to combat the infidelity of Hobbes, and the pantheism of Spinoza, the good people of Lawers could not have been more astonished.

8. He lost his mother in May 1842, two months after his translation to Kiltearn. She was a mother in Israel, and was gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe. Her death recalled the beautiful lines:—

"Oh, for the death of those that die
Like daylight in the west;
That sink in peace, like the waves of eve,
To calm, untroubled rest!
They stand before their father's face,
Their tears and conflicts o'er;
Redeemed and washed, they stay at home,
And shall go out no more.
Home! sweet home!
Oh, for that land of rest above,
Our own eternal home!"

He and his brother David came from Rosshire to Glenlyon to attend her funeral. It was shortly before the meeting of the General Assembly. The Ten Years' Conflict was approaching its eventful close. It was at that Assembly that Dr Cunningham made his famous speech on the necessity of abolishing Patronage. Dr Welsh was Moderator. Overtures praying for the abolition of Patronage had been transmitted from twelve Synods, twenty-four Presbyteries, and thirty-eight parishes. The whole country was in a ferment. All were preparing for the momentous crisis of the Disruption. The two brothers were deeply interested in the struggle, and all their sympathies were with the Evangelical party. They both preached in Glenlyon on the Sabbath after the funeral. It was a grey drizzly morning, with mist and weeping skies.

All the people of the glen assembled to hear them, and to share their grief. Duncan preached from Isa. liv. 13, "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." He spoke of the characteristics of the Lord's teaching; of the prominent place which affliction holds in it; of the great lessons taught by affliction which cannot be learned in any other way; and he exhorted us "that we must, through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of God." David preached afterwards from Philip. iii. 7, 8, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." His sermon was characterised by great impressiveness and power. In the opening prayer he prayed that "the holy oil poured upon the head of our Aaron, our glorified High-Priest, might descend to the skirts of His garments," that "throughout the service 'prayer might be made without ceasing of the Church unto God' for His gracious presence," &c. He spoke, (1.) Of those things which had

once been gain to Paul, dwelling upon (*a.*) His connexion with the Jewish Church; (*b.*) His great gifts and endowments; (*c.*) His zeal toward God; and how the most splendid attainments in philosophy, the highest honours in Church and State, the proudest niche in the temple of fame, were within his reach. (2.) Then he spoke of the one thing which made him "count all things loss"—"the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord." He laid special stress upon the great apostle's sufferings for Christ, quoting at length 2 Cor. xi. 21-30, "Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck. . . . In perils of waters, in perils of robbers . . . in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," and how the hope of heaven made these sufferings light. If I remember rightly, David was generally regarded as the more popular preacher of the two. He entered college earlier. His enunciation was fervid, rapid, too rapid, mellifluous; words poured from him like wine ready to burst the new bottles; and, when the love of Christ was his theme, smiles played upon his face like sunshine upon the deep sea. His teaching, in some respects, resembled that of Robert Macdonald of Blairgowrie (now of

North Leith), and, like his, it had a singular attraction for the young. At the close of his sermon, he solemnly charged his old flock to stand fast for Christ's Crown and Covenant, and to testify before the world their appreciation of those principles for which the evangelical party were contending—the right of the Christian people to elect their own minister, and the right of the Christian Church to regulate her own affairs by the light of the Word of God, free from interference on the part of civil rulers.

9. When I began to gather the nucleus of a library, I bought a copy of Burns's poems one day at a book auction at Fortingal market. As I walked off proudly with my prize, I saw Mr Campbell talking earnestly with my father. He asked me, what I had bought. "Burns's Poems," I replied. "Ah, take care," he said, "there's poison in that book. There's wonderful genius in it; some parts of it are full of exquisite pathos; but beware of the poison!"

10. Preaching one day on the sufferings of Christ, he observed that "the justice of God is more awfully displayed in Christ's sufferings than even in the torments of hell—that the cross

illustrates the 'terror of the Lord' more than the eternal punishment of the wicked. Why? For two reasons: (*a*) Christ's sinlessness: and (*b*) the infinite glory of His person." The idea was new to me then. I had never heard of the glory of Christ's person before.

11. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." Hosea xi. 8. He often quoted these words when closing his sermon, and spoke them with a peculiar glow and kindling, and with a certain faltering of the voice, as if he would burst into tears."

His successor at Lawers was the Rev. Dugald Campbell, "a man greatly beloved." He laboured there from 1837 till his death. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. xii. 3.*

* Note J.

CHAPTER V.

TESTIMONIES TO LIFE WORK.

"THE KING'S BUSINESS REQUIRED HASTE." 1 Sam. xxi. 8.
"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN." 2 Cor. xi. 26.

Rev. J. H. Fraser, Rosskeen—Churchyard of Beauly Priory in 1842—Notes of Sermon on Ps. lxix. 4—Communion at Alness—Teaninich Wood—1 Pet. iv. 18—Dr. Alexander Waugh and "Stitchell Brae"—Communion at Rosskeen, 1858—Notes of Sermon on 2 Tim. iv. 8—Last Letter to Mr Fraser—Rev. Mr Rose of Poolewe's Recollections—Rev. James Noble—Reminiscences by Rev. D. Shaw of Laggan—Memorabilia by his Son-in-law, Rev. J. Macpherson, Lairg—Letter from Rev. Malcolm Macgregor, Ferintosh, with Minute of Free Presbytery of Dingwall—Work in Blair-Athole.

THE Rev. John H. Fraser, Rosskeen, has kindly sent us the following Recollections, Notes of sermons, &c. :—

"Rather than attempt any delineation of Mr Campbell's character and work, as I knew him for a quarter of a century, let me give a sketch, with notes, of two or three of his appearances on extra-

ordinary or sacramental occasions, and while discoursing in his favourite tongue. Those to whom his ministrations were familiar have a portrait far more impressive than any I could hope to delineate. The solemn and dignified mien which he always exhibited in the pulpit, was the appropriate index of a mind deeply hallowed and impressed with a sense of the high and holy functions in which he was engaged. It was impossible to behold his large athletic form and to listen to his impressive tones without feeling a measure of that warm and holy awe which became the house of God.

"I have a most vivid recollection, though more than thirty years ago, of the first time I heard him. It was a fine summer afternoon in 1842. The place was the churchyard of the Beauly Priory with its picturesque surroundings ; I was attending the Kilmorack Parish School there, admirably and successfully taught by the Rev. A. M'Kenzie of the Free Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh.

"The incumbent of the parish of Kilmorack had been prevailed upon to allow the Evangelical members of his Presbytery permission to preach occasionally in Beauly. The Ten years' Conflict

had given a mighty impetus to the religious feelings of the North, and the tide of revival which had passed over the greater part of the Synod of Ross a year or two before, extended and intensified the eager desire to hear. Mr Campbell was just settled at Kiltearn in the previous March, he was the son-in-law of their favourite minister. All these, along with the reports that had reached of his own preaching gifts, made his first visit to Beauly a memorable occasion.

"As I made my way to the place of meeting, in the company of a few favourite school-companions, all of us looking forward to the ministry, I was struck with the crowds assembled from the neighbouring parishes of Kirkhill, Kiltarlity, Urray and Killearnan. Everywhere is to be seen the gathering people, the country side seemed to be moving to one centre. I sat on a grave-stone outside the crowd, and had a full view of the preacher. He seemed himself deeply impressed with the scene, his voice was then clear, full, and musical, and rose and fell in thrilling cadence. On the leaf of a version-book I happened to have in my pocket, I jotted down a few notes of the sermon which are still sufficiently legible to allow

me to send them to you. The text was Psalm lxix. 4, 'Then I restored that which I took not away.'

'This is a psalm of David. He was a type of Christ, and these verses refer to Him. Christ is the glorious speaker, and he speaks in the capacity of Mediator.

'Let us consider what it was Christ restored which he took not away. I. He restored glory to God. The essential glory of God could suffer no diminution, but his declarative glory did, when his laws were trampled and his authority disregarded by man. Christ glorified God by his obedience and sufferings, "Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified." "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work thou gavest me." He came under the moral law as a man, under the ceremonial law as a Jew, under the Mediatorial law as a Saviour. He yielded perfect obedience to the law in thought, word, and deed, thus restoring that which sin and Satan had taken away.

'II. Christ restored peace between God and man. He partook of the nature of both parties, and was thus a suitable Mediator. In Him mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed

each other. In consequence of His having magnified the law, God is in Him reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. There is no peace to the wicked—no true, stable peace apart from Christ's finished work. There may be false peace, but it will not always endure. . . . When the act of grace passed in heaven is made known in the court of conscience, then a peace is imparted which passeth understanding. The peace of God, and peace with God.

'III. Christ restored happiness to man. All seek happiness, but as sin has blinded the understanding, they seek it where it is not to be found. They seek it in the pleasures of sin: in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. Many say, "who will show us any good"—some created good. Nothing but God Himself, as the sole portion, can satisfy a rational creature: this is the light of His countenance which the godly so earnestly desire—

'IV. Christ restored to man the image of God. Man was created in the image of God, but when he sinned he lost the favour and image of God. We now bear the image of the earthly Adam, and so we cannot restore ourselves to the favour, neither can

we to the image of God. We have not even the desire. We would be free from the punishment of sin, but we have naturally no desire to be delivered from the bondage of sin. But Jesus Christ suffered the just for the unjust, that they might be renewed in the spirit of their mind, that they might be created anew. And the moment that they are restored to the favour of God, their restoration to the image of God begins. He is called Jesus because he saves His people from their sins, He is made of God to them sanctification. The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Christ, whom He sends in the Father's name. And when the Spirit is sent, conformity to the image of God begins, the outlines of the divine likeness are drawn upon the soul.

'In conclusion: it will avail us nothing to hear that Christ restored that which he took not away, unless we have an interest in Him by faith. It will avail us nothing to hear that He is the Saviour of the lost, unless He is our Saviour. All that we have learned of the Gospel of His grace will but aggravate our condemnation, if we do not enter in by the strait gate, and walk in the narrow way. If we are not justified by the blood and sanctified by the Spirit of Christ, we have no part in Him, and

we are still in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity.

'Learn how deeply we are indebted to Christ for all our mercies. All the blessedness of all His people, not only in time but throughout eternity, is the fruit of His undertaking. If He had not restored them, no blessedness could have been our portion. We would have been miserable in time, miserable in death, and *miserable throughout eternity*.'

"Some years after this, it was my privilege to see much of him and to hear him frequently. First while a student of Divinity, and residing in his neighbourhood, in Alness. During these years I learned to love and esteem him. Often have I felt refreshed and quickened by his arousing sermons. He generally preached at the close of the services on the Communion Sabbaths at Alness. On these occasions he seemed more than ordinarily lively. He liked to see a crowd. He was invariably brief. I think I see him now address the crowd that surrounded the tent, in the Teaninich wood, in front of the village of Alness, at the close of a communion Sabbath in June 1849. The text was 1 Peter iv. 18. Having opened up the subject, and illustrated its doctrine, he became very warm and arousing. He

was enforcing the solemn question (remarking that it is one which the spirit of God does not answer, but leaves it to rest with all its momentous concerns, upon the consciences of all those to whom it is addressed) upon the hearts of his hearers, with all those means of living, feeling, powerful appeal which are calculated by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, to move a creature like man, and which God has appointed as the ordinary channel for reaching the heart savingly. One here and there seemed moved, till amidst the push that prevailed, one who sat on the right hand of the speaker, cried out in an agony, 'I'm lost! Oh, I'm lost! what must I do to be saved?' This seemed to pass like an electric shock through the assembled two or three thousand. I saw the tear start to his own eye. He took up the cry of this awakened one: his voice gathered a deeper and more pathetic tone, and then rising to more than its usual swell, he appealed to the hearers, he called the tent whence he addressed them, the seats on which they sat, the trees that surrounded them, and the sun in the heavens to witness that he placed life and death before them. If the righteous are scarcely saved, where shall you who are sinners and ungodly appear? When

the righteous shall appear encircling a mercy seat, where shall the sinner and ungodly appear? Then shall ye appear as criminals before a flaming throne of judgment, calling upon the mountains and rocks to fall upon you and hide you from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb.

"Some there are yet who recall these solemn seasons as Dr. Alexander Waugh, of London, used to do 'Stitchell Brae,' when he remarked that it was a scene on which God's eye might love to look; that 'Martyrs' with its grave, sweet melody, so sung as it was wont to be sung then, might almost arrest an angel on an errand of mercy, and would afford him more pleasure than a' the chanting, and a' the music, and a' the organs, in a' the Cathedrals o' Europe."

"*Notes of a sermon preached in the tent at Rosskeen, at the close of the Communion Sabbath, 20th June* 1858.—This address was felt by not a few to be singularly powerful and solemn. An aged Christian, now for years at his rest, said to me, that with the exception of a sermon preached by Mr Duncan Campbell at Tarbat, during the Revival time, it was the most solemn he had listened to from him. I

can yet recall the appearance of the vast crowd, as in his closing appeals he became most pathetic, and the echo from the gable of our church seemed to second him."

2 Tim. iv. 8.—"*Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.*"

"After reviewing the period of his life which had passed since Christ met him, he alludes to the comfortable frame of mind which Paul then enjoyed, 'I have fought a good'—. As if he had said, I have wrestled and pressed toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus; and in all my difficulties, trials, and temptations, I have by grace been able to keep the faith.

'In the text we have the glorious prospect which the Apostle had before him. "Henceforth there is laid," &c. I am now ready to be offered up—the time of my departure is nigh. My fightings and my wrestlings with enemies from within and without, will soon be at an end, I am ready to enter the eternal world, into the joy of my Lord. Let us consider:—

'I. The crown here spoken of, which the Christian

warrior has in view, and shall attain. This is a crown of righteousness. You know that a crown is the symbol of power and dignity, and those who wear earthly crowns, are raised to the very summit of earthly power and glory,—to the place where all earthly happiness and power are supposed to centre. What an idea does this give of the heavenly mansions, where every saint wears an immortal, unfading, everlasting crown.

'The crown here mentioned, signifies the whole happiness of heaven,—a crown purchased by the blood of Christ; attained by the Christian warrior in the way of holiness. This crown signifies perfect and eternal conformity to the law of God. The gems of it are perfect holiness.

'II. The person by whom this crown shall be bestowed; Who shall give it? "The Lord, the righteous Judge." This illustrious person is the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the righteous Judge, and is well fitted for this great and important work. He knoweth all the actions of men, and sees the motives from which they all proceed. He can distinguish the least spark of grace from the fairest profession of the hypocrite. He shall appear righteous, in dooming the wicked to eternal misery, and in awarding to the righteous life eternal.

'III. The time when it shall be given, "On that day," *i.e.*, the day of His appearing; when in a particular sense He will place the crown of eternal glory on the head of all His followers. That, however, does not mean that they shall remain in a state of inactivity from the day of death, till that of the judgment; nor that there is an intermediate state between death and judgment, to prepare for heaven. No! for no sooner is the soul of the believer released from his body, than he is with God. Jesus said to the thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." "On that day," a day pregnant with happiness and misery; terror and joy. The last day when Christ shall raise the bodies of His saints, and fashion them like His own glorious body. That day when the elements shall melt with fervent heat; that day when Christ shall separate between the righteous and the wicked. On which hand will you be? What will be the words that will be addressed to you?

'IV. The character of those who shall receive this crown. "They who love His appearing." Paul loved and longed for the second coming of Christ. He knew that though his head might be cut off, and his body burnt, and his ashes cast to the four

winds of heaven, nothing could separate him from his Saviour and crown. But Paul is not the only one who shall receive this crown, "but also all who love His appearing." Believers, all of them, love and long for the appearing of Jesus. For, on that day, all their enemies will be subdued—Satan shall no longer tempt, and secret sins shall no longer harass them. Death as a handkerchief shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and they will be forever with the Lord.

'In conclusion, 1. See here, the blessed and happy end of believers. At the latter end they shall attain to perfect deliverance from sin, and perfect knowledge of their God and Saviour.

'2. There is a reality in religion. It is no fancy—no imaginary dream, but a spiritual, substantial, reality. It supports and comforts the Christian under the trials and bereavements of this world. At the moment of dissolution it sweetly calms the mind, and supports the soul. At that dread hour, which no child of Adam can avoid, when all earthly things fly away, and eternity opens to view in all its solemnity—it assuages his fears and raises his hopes, leading him through Jordan's waters, till it conducts him safely to Immanuel's land. Friend,

what think you of this? What have you been doing since you had a being? Adding actual transgressions to original sin? What have you been doing here to-day? You are journeying to eternity—you know not when you may be called to enter it. Oh! have you entered on the Christian course? Take these things to heart. Where shall this great multitude before me be in thirty years? the greater number in heaven or in hell? What a thought! Ross-shire hearers—after all your privileges, will the greater number remain despisers of the precious Saviour, and rejecters of the great salvation? Better that you had never had a being than that from listening to the voice of mercy, you harden your hearts, and delay coming to Christ. All things are ready. Yet there is room. Hear, and your soul shall live.'"

In the following note from Mr Fraser to me, he engrosses the last letter he received from Mr Campbell:—

Free Church Manse, Rosskeen,
3d July 1874.

"Dear Sir,—I may say that the friendship Mr Campbell showed to me, while a student of divinity

in his neighbourhood, not only continued unabated, but became closer and more intimate when I was settled at Rosskeen, as colleague and successor to his kind and sincere friend, the Rev. David Carment. Mr Carment and he were on the most intimate terms. He was one of his assistants at Communion seasons. His diets were Gaelic at the tent on Saturday, and the last table and concluding address in the same place on Sabbath. The same arrangement continued till latterly he found it too much to preach twice at home, and then drive to Rosskeen, and conclude. He continued, however, to preach on the Saturdays till last year—when I had the following reply from him to my note, the last letter I ever had from him.

'*Kiltearn, Free Manse,*
10th June 1873.

'My dear Mr Fraser,—I had your note asking me to preach as *usual* at Rosskeen, on the Saturday of your Communion. You know that I would do so with all my heart, were I in *my usual*; but I cannot venture to stand in a tent now-a-days. My head will not endure exposure outside, and I am afraid, you can never expect the *usual* assistance from me.

'You will kindly continue to give me all the assistance you can. I calculate upon your coming to us on Thursday (19th June 1873,) our Fast-day, and preaching in Gaelic outside, without a colleague, and remaining over Friday and Saturday, unless Mr Munro, Alness, can come on Saturday.

'Perhaps I may meet you to-morrow, at Mrs Mackenzie's (Ardross) funeral; if not, please let me have your favourable reply in course.—In haste, I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

REV. JOHN FRASER, ROSSKEEN,
INVERGORDON.

"*P.S.*—He was able to be present on the Sabbath of his Communion, but took little or no part. As he said to me afterwards, 'little did I think when I left our church on the Monday of our Communion, that I was never to be privileged to enter it again.'—I am, yours sincerely, JOHN FRASER."

REV. DUNCAN MACGREGOR,
DUNDEE.

The Rev. Mr Rose, Poolewe, writes :—

"I have a most pleasant recollection of Mr Campbell for a long time back, having frequently

seen and heard him in my native parish of Kingussie, assisting our own excellent minister, the late Mr Shepherd. His preaching was greatly enjoyed by the Lord's people, and much blessed in the conversion of sinners. He and the late Mr Noble* seem to have been special friends, for he frequently assisted him here on Communion occasions, and, indeed, was here when Mr Noble died, that mournful event having taken place on a Communion Thursday. Since my coming here I have admitted several individuals to the Lord's table who traced their conversion and acceptance of Christ to the preaching of Mr Campbell. Without doubt he must ever occupy a high place in that noble galaxy of ministers whom the events that culminated in the Disruption roused to take a prominent part in the sacrifices for truth made at that period. On the memorable day of the Disruption, Mr Campbell walked down from St. Andrew's Church to Canonmills along with Dr. Macdonald and Mr Shepherd. . . . Mr Campbell was a man of great kindliness and genial-

* Rev. James Noble, Free Church, Poolewe. His nature well corresponded to his name. He was a true herald of the Cross, and one of the best and most loveable of men. He died on the 20th October 1864. *See* Note K.

ity of temperament, and was widely known and beloved throughout the Highlands as an earnest and able minister of the glorious Gospel."

We subjoin a few reminiscences by the Rev. Dugald Shaw of Laggan.

"It is remarkable that Dr. Candlish and Mr Campbell were ordained the same year, died the same week, and were buried the same day. They are now with the King their Master, and enjoying the blessed society of their fellow-servants in glory.

"It was under the powerful preaching of Dr. Macdonald, of Ferintosh, that Mr Campbell was converted, during the great revival that took place at Loch Tayside nearly sixty years ago, when there was a large ingathering of souls into the fold of Christ. Two brothers of his were taken in at the same time. There was an awful shaking among the dry bones. Stout-hearted sinners were made to tremble. Men and women old and young, were pierced with sharp arrows from God's quiver; and under a terrible sense of their guilt and danger the piercing cry was heard on all hands, 'Lost, lost! what must I do to be saved?' Often have we heard Mr Campbell, when in company with Christian friends, revert to these great days of the Son of Man.

"The two brothers Duncan and David, like James and John, who were called and appointed by the Master to be 'fishers of men,' now resolved in His strength to give themselves up at once to the holy ministry. They were full of love and zeal. The two went together, first to school and afterwards to college; and, after passing through the usual curriculum in Arts and Divinity, they were licensed about the same time. We may remark, in passing, that Duncan, on account of his rare unction and piety, and the *sal evangelicum* in his discourses delivered in the Hall, was a special favourite of Dr. Chalmers, under whom he studied. The great man was always very kind to him and his brother David, and also to other Highland students in whom he discovered the *right* thing.

"After license Mr Duncan was engaged for about a year as a city missionary in Perth, where his labours were highly prized, and blessed to precious souls. When there he received a call from the congregation at Lawers, where his brother Mr David now is, and was ordained there to the holy ministry. Afterwards he was translated to Glenlyon, and shortly before the Disruption was inducted as parish minister of Kiltearn. He proved himself an excellent

pastor, and was much beloved by his people. But, as the services of such a popular man could not be confined to his own flock, he was often called away to preach in other districts. Being remarkably well-built and elastic, and favoured, as he was, with a powerful and musical voice, and above all, having much of the love of Christ in his heart, and an earnest desire for the conversion of sinners, he was admirably fitted for the work of an evangelist, which he soon proved himself to be in an eminent degere. Accordingly, he often went from place to place, at the earnest request of ministers and others, in all Ross-shire, and throughout the most of the Highlands. It was his great delight to preach the glorious Gospel to poor sinners, especially in the distant and neglected places of our land. Except Dr Macdonald, whose mantle, it was believed, fell on him, no minister in all the Highlands was in labours more abundant than he for the last thirty years.

"Laggan was his favourite resort, and he was always gladly received. He was in the habit of coming every year to the Communion, for at least fifteen years, till latterly he became so frail that he could not venture so far. Here, as he used to say himself, he had much of the Lord's gracious pre-

sence in secret and public, much tenderness, liberty, and spiritual power in the pulpit. That was the case particularly in the years 1860-61, when there were two most glorious revivals like what took place at Loch Tayside more than fifty years ago. Mr Campbell, himself, we doubt not, received a fresh baptism of the Spirit, in Laggan, during the Communion of 1860, and his sermons were blest to many souls.

"We can never forget a sermon he preached on a Thanksgiving Monday in 1855, from Matt. xi. 28, when every soul present seemed to be deeply impressed, and when, in particular, a wild, careless woman was converted, one who turned out a very outstanding witness for Christ, and in whose house there was a prayer-meeting kept regularly every Saturday up till the day of her death. Indeed, after the heavenly dew rested on the soul of Duncan Campbell, none excelled him in preaching Christ in His fulness and freeness. I had a goodly number of excellent ministers assisting me on Communion occasions, but there was none of them whose services were attended with such quickening and power as those of our esteemed friend.

"One remark of his was, 'When I get a true

breathing after Him in the first prayer before sermon, I am right for the day.'

"The brave veterans of the Disruption are fast leaving us. Where among our young ministers do we find men like them? Alas! they are few and far between. But the Lord liveth; He can and will, we trust, raise up faithful labourers for his own work soon. God grant it. Amen."

Here are some memorabilia by his son-in-law, the Rev. John Macpherson of Lairg:—

"Mr Campbell during the last sixteen years of his life, preached here oftener than in any other parish except his own. During that period he had the principal part of the work assigned to him on sacramental occasions, and his services were so acceptable, that whenever he paid us a visit on week-days throughout the year, the people were not satisfied unless he gave them a sermon. The following are some of his favourite texts.

"Gen. xxiv. 58, 'Wilt thou go with this man?'

"Deut. xxxiii. 29, 'Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency! and thine enemies shall be found liars

unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places.'

"Job xvii. 9, 'The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'

"Ps. cxxvi. 3, 'The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.'

"Ps. cxliv. 15, 'Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.'

"Cant. ii. 10, 'Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away.'—ii. 16, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.'—ii. 17, 'Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.'—v. 1, 'I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.'—v. 16, 'This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.'

"Isaiah xii. 1, 'And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast

angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.'—xlv. 24, 'Surely, shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength: even to him shall men come: and all that are incensed against him shall be ashamed.'—l. 10, 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.'—liii. 1, 'Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?'—liii. 11, 'He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.'—lx. 20, 'Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.'

"Jer. xxxi. 3, 'The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.'

'Mat. xvi. 26, 'For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

"Mat. xxiv. 44, 'Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.'—xxv. 10, 'And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.'—xxv. 46, 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.'

"John i. 29, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'

"Rom. vi. 23, 'But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

"1 Cor. ix. 24, 'So run, that ye may obtain.'

"2 Cor. ix. 15, 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.'

"Eph. i. 7, 'In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.'

"Phil. i. 21, 'For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'—iii. 8, 'Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ.'

"Heb. iv. 9, 'There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.'—and Heb. iv. 11, 'Let us

labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief.'

"He also preached upon several texts which had been familiar during his earlier ministry, such as :— Ps. cii. 16; Zech. ix. 11, 12; Mat. xi. 28; Luke xix. 41-2; and Heb. ii. 3.

"His address in concluding the services of a communion Sabbath, in which he was judiciously concise, was always characterised by great earnestness. The text was often from the Song of Solomon. On one occasion when he preached from the words, 'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away,' Cant. ii. 13, a young woman in the congregation came into the manse immediately after the conclusion of the service, in a state of great concern. The manner in which she expressed her deep distress, both by words and actions, put me in mind more than anything I ever saw of the description given by Jeremiah of the penitential sorrow of Ephraim. 'Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh : I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth.' Jer. xxxi. 19.

"It is often said of those whose life previous to

their conversion is one of decent outward morality, that their convictions of sin may not be so deep as in the case of others. With reference to this I heard Mr Campbell observe, that before his conversion he was as free from gross outward sins, as any such person could be, but that this made no difference to him; that his unbelief of itself was enough when the truth came to him in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. After he was thus convinced of his sin and of his utter helplessness, he was graciously delivered from the spirit of bondage which is unto fear, through these words in the epistle to the Ephesians, 'But God who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, by grace ye are saved.' Eph. ii. 4, 5.

"At the period of the Disruption, Mr Campbell resigned one of the best livings in the church at the call of duty, thereby incurring altogether a loss of some thousands of pounds for conscience' sake. During nineteen years after the Disruption he regularly visited the island of Mull, preaching the Gospel for several weeks each year among the Free Church adherents of that spiritually destitute

island with much acceptance, and there is reason to believe with much success. I have seen several greatly moved under his preaching in those localities.

"He continued in the discharge of the public duties of his ministry, until within five months of his death, during two of which he was entirely confined to his bed.

"He lies buried within a few yards of the eminent Thomas Hog of Kiltearn."

The following letter is from my brother, the Rev. Malcolm Macgregor, Ferintosh, who was Mr Campbell's co-presbyter for twenty-three years :—

Free Church Manse, Ferintosh,
Dingwall, 2nd July 1874.

"My dear Brother,—"As you are engaged in writing a brief memorial of our old and esteemed friend, the Rev. Duncan Campbell, of Kiltearn, I send you, at your request, my small tribute to his memory. What you wish me especially to notice is his work at Kiltearn, as it was my lot during his ministry there, to be a near neighbour and co-presbyter of his for twenty-three years. But before

adverting to this, I may touch upon one or two earlier incidents in his life that have taken hold of my memory.

"My youthful recollections of him and his brother David, are very much like your own, as I know from our frequent talk of them, and I need not therefore repeat them here. From the very beginning of their ministry, the two brothers were regarded in their native county, as stars of the first magnitude—as 'burning and shining lights,' and the people, almost to a man, were willing to rejoice in their light. One clear evidence of this occurred in regard to Duncan, when he was labouring as a preacher in the City Mission of Perth. He was not long there when the rumour of his fervour and power as a preacher, and his flaming zeal for the conversion of souls began to spread up through the quiet and picturesque valley of Strathtay, and awakened in the people there, an eager desire to hear him. On a bright harvest day he was driving from Perth to Glenlyon, to visit his brother. As the people in the corn-fields from Logierait and onwards saw him pass, thinking that he would likely rest to bait his horse at Balnaguard Inn, they threw down their sickles and followed

him, and before he had been half-an-hour at the Inn, a congregation of some hundreds gathered and requested him to preach to them. He at once joyfully agreed, and preached one of his rousing gospel sermons, with all the energy and freshness of his youth. I forget the text, but the presence of the Lord was manifestly there, and the impression made was deep and permanent. I was told that many Christians in Strathtay, who have now gone home, traced the beginning of their new life to that sermon. Other fields than the corn-fields were then white unto the harvest. 'A word in season how good it is!' 'The word of the Lord was precious in those days.'

"I have often heard Mr Campbell refer to this incident, and other similar instances of eager desire to hear the word, as some of the most pleasing and memorable events of his early ministry.

"His popularity and evangelical influence and power in Perthshire, long survived his removal from it. His evangelistic labours in Breadalbane, along with other ministers, during the Disruption year, contributed greatly to increase the adherence to the Free Church in that region; and his half-yearly or annual visits to Blair-Athole, Glenlyon, and

other places around, at Communion seasons for many years afterwards, were, as my friend, the Rev. Athole Stewart of Blair, once stated to me, generally regarded as days of blessing.

"During his ministry at Kiltearn, there was no wide-spread general revival—no such mighty outpouring of the Spirit as to produce a shaking among the dry bones, and to cause the young and old in the parish to cry out like the jailer, 'What must I do to be saved?' Such an event would form a memorable era in any ministry, and would furnish scope for a minute and detailed narrative of it, to the glory of God, and the praise of His sovereign grace. But, alas! since the revival of 1841 and 1842, there has been no manifest and extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Ross-shire, melting the souls of the community into overwhelming and irrepressible earnestness in seeking Christ and salvation; and we long for the plenteous rain which is falling so copiously in other parts of the land. Nevertheless, in no part of the church is the gospel more faithfully and powerfully proclaimed. The people of God are fed with the finest of the wheat. 'This man and that man are born there.' The cause of Christ is advanced, and

the kingdom of God cometh, though 'not with observation.'

"It was even so at Kiltearn. During the period of nearly thirty-two years that Mr Campbell laboured there, he made full proof of his ministry. 'He ever showed himself approved unto God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.' He preached the great vital doctrines of salvation, and his preaching was simple, earnest, instructive and impressive. When he warmed into fervour his voice was loud, but musical and solemn, and his closing appeals to the unconverted were frequently very thrilling and powerful, so that all his hearers had the conviction that his soul yearned with intense desire for their salvation. And his labour was not in vain. He was greatly loved and esteemed by the people of God. Their souls were fed and edified by his doctrine, and from year to year there were cases of genuine conversion. In the prime and vigour of his life, he visited and catechised his people regularly every year, but in his latter years, he was obliged through infirmity, to lay much of his pastoral work aside. He was frequently called to assist at Communion seasons in the congregations

around, and even in distant places, and he most readily obeyed the call when he could, for I often heard him say, 'I never like to refuse to preach, when I can do it.' And he was a most welcome and acceptable assistant everywhere. 'The common people heard him gladly,' and he was never weary of the service of his blessed Master.

"For many years he was sent by the Church for two or three months annually to do Evangelistic work in Mull and other outlying districts of the Highlands and Islands; and it is only the great day that will reveal the blessed fruits of these arduous and self-denying labours. He regularly attended the meetings of Presbytery, but as a rule did not take much part in the business. But of late years when the unhappy controversy about Union with other churches arose, he threw himself with all the zeal and ardour of his youth into the discussion, and fearing that the distinctive principles of the Free Church, which he loved so well, would be compromised or sacrificed by the contemplated Union, he did all in his power both in the Presbytery, and in the other Courts of the Church to oppose it.

"His stature was very tall, his form latterly full

and portly, his personal presence commanding; and his manner in private was kind, warm, genial and pleasant. His conversation flowed easily, and often sparkled with interesting anecdotes and experiences of his own doings and sufferings in the work of the Lord.

"Mr Campbell's last appearance in the pulpit of Ferintosh, was on the 27th February 1873. It was the fast day before our communion. He preached two able and impressive sermons, with almost all the fire and vigour of his early days. The text of the first sermon was Phil. i. 6, 'Being confident of this very thing that he which began a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ;' and of the second, Mal. iii. 16, 17, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts in that day when I make up my jewels: and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.' At the close of the service, I asked him if he was very much exhausted? 'No,' he replied, 'I enjoyed the service very much.' He

seemed to preach under the influence of tender memories and associations of other days. Many in the church that day felt and said, 'It is good to be here.'

"In works of faith and labours of love and kindred pursuits, all devoted to the glory of God, and the good of his fellowmen, the years of his ministry passed, and his quiet, retired, laborious, uneventful life ebbed away, and on the 21st October 1873, after a somewhat lingering illness, it closed in the 'rest that remaineth for the people of God.'

"At the first meeting of the Free Church Presbytery of Dingwall, after his death, the following Minute regarding him was entered on the Record, and a copy of it sent to his widow and family.

"'The Presbytery record with deep regret, the breach which it hath pleased the Lord to make upon them since their last meeting, by the death of their esteemed and beloved father and brother, the Rev. Duncan Campbell of Kiltearn. Having finished a long, earnest, and useful ministry, he died in peace in a good old age on the 21st day of October last. In his early years he bravely and faithfully upheld the banner of Evangelical truth, amid the dark moderatism of his native county, at

Lawers and Glenlyon in Perthshire. For more than thirty-one years he was a member of this Court. Along with many others he bore faithful testimony to the Crown Rights of Christ as King and Head of His Church at the memorable Disruption; and was one of the noble band of ministers and elders who formed and constituted the Free Church of Scotland. Since the Disruption, until his health and strength decayed, he was most laborious, earnest, and assiduous, in preaching the Gospel and in maintaining the principles of the Free Church, for which he suffered so much, not only among his own people at Kiltearn, but also in many other parts of the Highlands. He has now finished his work, and we doubt not that through grace he was at his death hailed by the Master he loved and served so well, with the blessed welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."'

"Nothwithstanding what has now been said of Mr Campbell's ministry at Kiltearn, it must be

frankly admitted that he did not attain the pre-eminence as a minister in Ross-shire, which he formerly held in Perthshire, and the reason of this is obvious. The ecclesiastical firmament of Perthshire was comparatively dark and starless: and while there, he shone as a bright conspicuous star, shedding its radiance over the darkness. But in Ross-shire the case was different. There were many brilliant stars there. Mr Kennedy of Redcastle had just gone home, but the light of his life and teaching still lingered behind. Dr. M'Donald of Ferintosh, M'Intosh of Tain, Stewart of Cromarty, Sage of Resolis, and many other eminent men were there; and amid the blaze of lights which those mighty heralds of the cross shed around them, Mr Campbell's light, though still as bright as when it shone elsewhere, was not so conspicuous. He, however, heartily joined with those great men in their work. He consecrated his gifts and graces, and devoted his energies equally with them to advance the cause of vital godliness in the community, and to help, by the blessing of God, to bring back again to Ross-shire the 'good old days of the Fathers.'

"I have to apologise for the length of this letter.

And I remain, my dear Duncan, your affectionate brother, M. MACGREGOR."

A few Entries, sent me by his son, John M. Campbell, will close this chapter :—

"I find my father was at the Communion in Blair Athole in 1843, 1844, and 1845.

Sabbath, 30*th July* 1843. Gaelic. Luke xii. 32, 'Fear not little flock,' &c. English. Ps. cxviii. 22, 'The stone which the builders refused, &c.'

July 1844. *Saturday*. Gaelic. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20, 'Ye are not your own;' 'For ye are bought with a price,' &c.

Sabbath. In the Tent. Rev. vi. 17, 'For the great day of His wrath is come: and who shall be able to stand?'

Closing address. In the Church. Song ii. 16, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his.'

Monday. Gen. xxiv. 58, 'Wilt thou go with this man?'

July 1845. Blair Athole.

Thursday the 24*th.* Song iv. 16, 'Awake, O, north wind?' &c.

Friday. At Loch Tummelside. Matt. iii. 10, 'And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the tree,' &c.

Saturday. Hab. iii. 2, 'O Lord, revive Thy work,' &c.

Sabbath. Action Sermon, in Tent. Zech. xiii. 9, 'And I will bring the third part through the fire,' &c.

English. Ps. lxix. 4, 'Then I restored that which I took not away.'"

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

"FOR IF WE BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED, AND ROSE AGAIN: EVEN SO THEM ALSO WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS, WILL GOD BRING WITH HIM."—1 *Thes.* iv. 14.

From the far-off fields of earthly toil
A goodly host they come,
And sounds of music are on the air—
'Tis the song of the Harvest-home.
The weariness and the weeping—
The darkness has all pass'd by—
And a glorious sun has risen—
The Sun of Eternity!

We've seen those faces in days of yore,
When the dust was on their brow,
And the scalding tears upon their cheek:
Let us look at the labourers now!
We think of the life-long sorrow
And the wilderness days of care;
We try to trace the tear-drops
But no scars of grief are there.

Amid such manifold labours as these, Mr Camp-

bell was incessantly occupied for forty years. He had a large measure of his father-in-law's evangelistic zeal. For nineteen successive seasons he visited the Island of Mull as a deputy from the Highland Committee, spending five weeks there every summer, preaching almost daily, watering the churches, planting new stations, encouraging and stirring up the people, until he had preached repeatedly in every corner of the island. He had been led in various ways to take a peculiar interest in Mull. In some respects that beautiful island has not been so highly favoured as, for example, Skye and Lewis. These have enjoyed an evangelical ministry for a longer period. They have been frequently visited with "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." It may be added that the Free Church was earlier able to provide for them a more adequate supply of ordinances. Since the year 1822, the island of Lewis has been blessed with such eminent ministers as Alexander Macleod of Uig, Finlay Cook, afterwards of Reay, John and Robert Finlayson, John Macrae, usually called "the Mac-Răthmōr," on account of the veneration in which he was held, and that admirable theolo gian and preacher, Duncan Matheson of Knock,

more recently of Gairloch, who has but lately rested from his labours. It is pleasant to recall the names of these venerable persons. Within the same period, Skye has had such men as Shaw, of Bracadale, his successor John Finlayson, and Simon MacLauchlan, one of the ablest and most accomplished men in the ranks of our Evangelical ministry. And above all, Roderick Macleod was, not only in popular estimation, but in the highest, the Pauline, sense of the term, "bishop" of the island for well-nigh forty years, and his hands were mightily strengthened by the yearly or half-yearly visits on Sacramental occasions of Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh, almost from the commencement of his ministry till Dr Macdonald's death. No doubt there were faithful witnesses in Mull. Peter Maclean laboured for many years in Tobermory with apostolic zeal, and the day alone will declare the results of his labours. Donald M'Vean of Iona kept the lamp burning upon that favoured isle which was first lit by St. Columba thirteen hundred years ago. But at the time of Mr Campbell's first evangelistic tour, there was only one Free Church minister in Mull. The lack of Gospel ordinances among the warm-hearted and simple people, was a source of great

distress to him. He was willing to spend and be spent for them. And they in return prized his ministrations highly. He heard their cry, "Come over and help us" ring in his ears almost to the day of his death. He was the Apostle of Mull. The deputy who succeeded him (the Rev. Mr Fraser, Rosskeen) testifies that an account of his evangelistic labours in that island would form a most interesting chapter of Home Missionary adventure.

He enjoyed uninterrupted health almost to the end. About a year before his death he suffered a painful bereavement in the death of his eldest son, Duncan Campbell, M.D., a physician of much promise, and he never quite recovered from the blow. Soon after, he lost a beloved son-in-law, prematurely cut down when prospects of great usefulness were opening up before him. His strength was sensibly impaired. He continued at his post, however, anxious, if it were his Master's will, to die in harness. It was hoped the return of spring would recruit him, but when spring came, his strength only steadily declined. He addressed his people for the last time, about five months before his death. After that he was for the most part confined to bed, except that he sometimes ventured for a little into

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the garden. He felt that the end was drawing near. —He was full of self-loathing. He spoke much of indwelling sin, and his own exceeding vileness, "Oh, when I think of sin,"—he would say, "that abominable thing which God hates: *my own* sins—original and actual—the depth of my spiritual pollution; I feel as if my very flesh would consume!" "My soul doth melt and drop away, for heaviness and grief." "Behold, I am vile"—"I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Then he would exclaim—"Oh, the love of Christ! the blood of Christ! I thank God for Jesus Christ my Lord." One morning he said to his brother David, who was with him during the last three weeks of his life, "Sometimes I cannot say I have full assurance. But I have got *one* evidence, 'I hate vain thoughts: but Thy law do I love.' I can —I can say that." Once, with a look of solemn awe upon his face, he said, "Chief of sinners though I am, I believe God will be more glorified in my everlasting salvation through Jesus Christ, than in my destruction!" He loathed himself, and magnified Christ. Latterly, he prayed incessantly —sometimes in English, but generally in Gaelic— with great unction and fervour.

A friend sent him the volume, "One Hundred Choice large-type Hymns," and he prized it greatly. Several of the Hymns, he said, were specially suited to his case. One in which he took particular delight was :—

Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I lay me down to weep,
And ponder o'er the matchless grace
Displayed on Calvary's steep.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I lay me down to hear,
The welcome sound, "'Tis finished,"
So sweet to sinner's ear.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I lay me down to sing,
'The grave has lost its victory,
And death its venom'd sting.'

Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I'd lay me down to die :
Till in the chariot of His love
He bears me up on high.

It was one of the last things read to him. Another favourite was :—

Oh ! call it not death—it is life begun,
For the waters are passed, and the home is won ;
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore
Where they weep, and suffer, and sin no more, &c.

Another that affected him deeply, was :—

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee;
What hast *thou* given for *Me?*

I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That an Eternity
Of joy *thou* mightest know.
I spent long years for *thee*;
Hast *thou* spent *one* for *Me?*

I saw him on Tuesday the 12th of August, for the last time. What chiefly struck me, was his childlike submission to God's will. The Lord had given him a spirit of perfect resignation. His "soul was even as a weaned child." We prayed together, and spoke of the goodness and mercy which had followed him all the days of his life. "As to my illness," he said, "I have no will in the matter. I'm wholly resigned to His will. I lie passive in His hands. His will is best. If He will leave me here for a little longer, I'm satisfied: if it is His will to take me home, His will be done." He had no will, but God's. His will was swallowed up in

God's. It was the spirit of these beautiful lines—so easy to repeat—so hard to practice :—

My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear :
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
All shall be well for me,
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee ;
Then to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done !

"A day or two before he died," his brother writes, "he made me read the xxii. Psalm, from verse 22d onwards,—

'I will shew forth thy name unto
Those that my brethren are, &c.'

We all sang it around his bed : he joining, with a loud thrilling voice, louder than any of us."

"Are you getting blinks?" said a friend to

Ralph Erskine as he lay dying. "Blinks!" said the departing saint, "I have all the promises of the everlasting covenant to sustain me!" It was thus with Mr Campbell.

For twenty-four hours before his death, his bodily sufferings were severe, but his mind was clear and collected, and his soul was kept in perfect peace. He sent for his elders that he might bid them a solemn farewell. They were in the room when he died. His last audible words were:—"Jesus—Jesus—Christ Crucified—Come with me now through the swellings of Jordan!" And so "he fell asleep." It was the 21st October 1873.

His widow soon followed him. Her life seemed to be bound up in his, and when he died she pined away. During the last two years of her life, she passed through a baptism of tears. She lost her eldest son, her son-in-law, her brother, her husband. In a way that she knew not the Lord was preparing her for Himself. He brought her through the fire, "refined her as silver is refined, and tried her as gold is tried." "There was none of us oftener alone with God," writes her brother-in-law. After a separation of three short months, she rejoined her husband, as we humbly hope, in the

Better Land. She died on the 22d of January 1874.

Such was Duncan Campbell's career. He did not achieve what the world calls distinction. He was not a man of brilliant gifts, and he had to struggle with early disadvantages. He wrote no book. He took no part in public controversies and discussions. He never made a speech, I suppose, in the General Assembly. But he did something far better. He lived a pure, consistent, useful life. He was a faithful minister of Christ. He was instrumental in the conversion of sinners and in the edification of saints. He died a blessed death. He left behind him a fragrant memory. When he died, testimonies came in from all quarters of the blessing which attended his labours. Quiet, unpretending, patient in well-doing, labouring sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in shadow, when he was laid in his grave it was discovered that the seals of his apostleship were to be found, north, south, east, and west.

When Sir Bernard Burke was searching for the pedigree of the Findernes, he visited the village of Fyndern in Derbyshire, and enquired if any survivors of that family were there. He sought for

the ancient hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it had stood! He entered the church. Not a single record of a Finderne was there! He accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes. "Findernes," said he, "we have no Findernes here, but we have something that once belonged to them: we have '*Findernes' Flowers.*'" "Shew me them," said Sir Bernard. The old man led him into a field which still retained faint traces of terraces and foundations. "There," said he, pointing to a bank of 'garden flowers grown wild,' "There are the Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and do what we will, they will never die!"*

Thus it was with the subject of this little book. The Great Husbandman employed him to plant some flowers in His garden, and although the hand that planted them is dead, the flowers will never die.

It was characteristic of him that he died with the words "Christ crucified" upon his lips. He "determined not to know anything save Jesus Christ

* Spurgeon's Feathers for Arrows, p. 196, 197. See also p. 175.

and Him crucified," and he held his resolution to the end. He knew that the Cross is "the power of God and the wisdom of God." He knew that Christ crucified is the only refuge for the guilty, the only hope for the dying, the only door into the kingdom of heaven. He saw a tendency in our time, more or less pronounced, to remove the Cross from the central place it holds in the foreground of the Gospel-message, and therefore with his last breath he uttered that Name of names, *Christ Crucified.* He reminds us of the old keeper of Eddystone lighthouse. Life was failing fast, but summoning all his strength, he crept round once more to trim the lights before he died. Our honoured father's last act was to point to the cross, and to warn sinners of the rocks, shoals, and quicksands which surround them.

His example may teach valuable lessons at a time when "the ministry of the Holy Ghost is being supplanted by the ministry of the human intellect." The following words of Dr. Horatius Bonar's are worthy of being well weighed in this connexion:— "Jerichos are thrown down by ram's horns. Red Seas are severed by a rod. Giants are slain by the sling and stone. So was it before the 'foolishness'

of the Gospel that the gods of Greece and Rome fell down,—a Gospel not elaborated by Plato nor embellished by Demosthenes, but simply preached by one whose 'bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible.' The power to please may be found anywhere: but the power to seize the conscience, and bring the sinner face to face with his own worthlessness and condemnation, must be had where John Milne, and William Burns, and Robert M'Cheyne sought and found it, in simple faith and happy fellowship with God. 'The lightnings and thunderings and voices' that are to shake the world must come 'out from the throne' (Rev. iv. 5), and the illumination of the race must be from 'the seven lamps of fire burning before the throne' (Rev. iv. 5) Other lights are sparks of human kindling (Isa. l. 11), and go out in darkness; other voices are but as 'sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.'"*

* Life of Rev. John Milne, p. 369, 370.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A, p. 12.

THOMAS HOG OF KILTEARN, AND JAMES CALDER.

IN the "Diary of James Calder," there are some fragrant reminiscences of Thomas Hog. Some of his sayings are recorded. Here is one. "March 15, 1768. That eminent saint, Mr Thomas Hog, said to my grandmother, 'If a drawn sword were pointed at my breast, and Christ at the other end of it, if I had no other way to reach Him, I would run myself upon the sword, to be at Him and with Him for ever! He is my life, my heaven, and my all.'" (See Diary of James Calder.) The grandmother referred to was Mrs Lilias Dunbar, one of the "Ladies of the Covenant."

James Calder, born 1711; ordained at Ardersier, 1740; translated to Croy, 1747; died, 1775; was the son of John Calder, minister of Nairn, who was ordained there, 1704, died 1717, and was so distinguished that he was usually known as "the great Mr Calder of Nairn." The Calders were a blessed race. They were eminently distinguished for grace and gifts for centuries. James Calder had three sons—John, Hugh,

and Charles. John became minister of Rosskeen; Hugh assisted his father at Croy for a time, but, owing to feeble health, his career was short. Charles became minister of Ferintosh (1774-1812), and was a burning and a shining light for thirty-eight years. His daughter was the wife of that noble witness for Christ, Dr Angus Mackintosh of Tain; and the late Dr Charles Calder Mackintosh of Dunoon, one of the gentlest and holiest ministers that ever lived, was his grandson.

Note B, p. 20.

THE REV. JOHN MACALISTER.

A NATIVE of Arran, born in 1789. One of the fruits of the Awakening in that island under Niel Macbride in 1813. Licensed in 1824, assisted Dr Love of Anderston for a short time. Ordained in Glenlyon in September 1824. Translated to the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, in 1831; to Nigg, Ross-shire, in 1837; to the Free Church, Kilbride, Arran, in May 1844; died suddenly in Glasgow on the 17th December following, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, buried at Shiskan, beside his father and mother. His bosom friend, Peter Macbride of Rothesay, preached his funeral sermon from Matt. xxiii. 37, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," &c.

He resembled Dr Love in his character, life, and teaching. A peculiar gravity and solemnity marked everything he said and did. My mother used to say of him, that "you could tell he was a man of God by the reverence with which he took His name into his lips." She and my father, with a few others like-

minded, often walked from Lochtayside to Innerwick to hear him, a distance of eleven miles. One Sabbath evening when he was in Glenlyon, as he went to preach, he saw a group of thoughtless lads amusing themselves. He rebuked them for profaning the Sabbath. They burst out a laughing. "Lads," he said, "there *may be sport on the way to hell*, but *there is no sport at the end of it!*" The following saying of his has been reported to me; for pungency and quaintness it is worthy of Dr Kidd :—"If you have a lively hope, it must be as your helmet to fight in, not as a nightcap to sleep in!"

Mr John Macrae, of Greenock, once told me of a singularly weighty sermon he heard from Mr Macalister upon the words, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord," Heb. xii. 14; and the late Kenneth Ross, catechist in Carloway, spoke of another sermon equally striking which he heard him preach from Matt xx. 28, "Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

His ministry in Kilbride only lasted seven months. He preached a course of sermons on regeneration, which extended over several Sabbaths. "He felt the subject to be so important," he said, "that a *faithful pastor would require to be continually preaching upon it.*"

"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

We give a short extract from the notice of him which appeared in the *Scottish Guardian*:—"Mr Macalister was certainly no ordinary man. Possessed

of a clear understanding, sound judgment, and great decision and energy of character, he was naturally fitted to exercise much influence in any course he might follow. He was an able and well-instructed divine, a powerful and energetic preacher, a faithful pastor, and zealous in the things which concern the welfare of the soul. Such a ministry was not left without seals of the approbation of the Lord in the various places where he was called in providence to labour. His labours were blessed to many, and his removal from them is felt to be a severe loss, not only to his family and those under his ministry, but to the Church at large. In private he was remarkable for affection, and his whole conduct was such as to command a high regard from all who valued and loved the gospel, or who could discern the true ministers of Christ. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'"—*P. M'Bride.*

Note C, p. 25.

THE REV. JAMES KENNEDY'S LABOURS IN ABERFELDY.

"The Aberfeldy chapel had long been too small, and it was resolved, though with fear and trembling, in the recollection of a former refusal, to ask the Earl of Breadalbane for a site whereon to build a suitable house of prayer. To the pleased surprise of the hitherto despised sect, the reply was immediate :—'I have got an excellent character of Mr Kennedy, and a

good account of his people ; let them choose a site where they will.' And not only so, but his Lordship contributed fifty pounds worth of wood to the new erection, granting the ground for the chapel, and a large surrounding garden for the minister, at a nominal rent. . . . . The revivals which took place in Glenlyon and elsewhere, attracted the attention of many in the south, and brought to the scene of them not a few eminent men who desired to see with their own eyes the fruits of what had gladdened their hearts. Among these were the holy John Brown of Whitburn (the son of the commentator), and his son John Brown of Biggar, afterwards the learned and honoured Dr John Brown of Edinburgh ; the late Greville Ewing of Glasgow, and Mr William M'Gavin, the well-known author of the *Protestant*. . . . . From distant parts of Glenlyon on the west, and of Strathardle on the east, large numbers of persons reached Aberfeldy every Sabbath morning long before the hour of service, leaving their homes at three and four o'clock in the morning, and usually walking the greater part of the way. I remember, as if it were yesterday, our watching for the arrival of these parties, their distribution among the houses of the village members to receive breakfast, and their distribution after service to receive dinner before they resumed their long, but not weary, rather their happy, journey to their distant homes. Our own house was crowded on these occasions ; and my beloved mother often speaks of these as her palmiest days, when she had the happiness of ministering to the wants of so many loving disciples of her Lord and Saviour."

Note D, p. 26.

THE REV. DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.

Born at Stratherrick, September 1777. Studied at King's College, Aberdeen, with Dr Macdonald. Was tutor to Mr Stewart, Cromarty. Was parish schoolmaster of Ferintosh in Charles Calder's time. Licensed in 1808. Was missionary at Berriedale, assistant at Kilmalie, ordained in Fort William about 1811, translated to Strathfillan in 1813, to Lochgoilhead in 1820, to Kilmalie in 1831 ; died 4th July 1835.

A man of genius, of the same type as the late Robert Finlayson, Helmsdale. Took a prominent part in the Revival of 1816-7 in Breadalbane. His sermon on *Jacob's Ladder*, preached in Middle Church, Greenock, was long remembered. Did good work for Christ in his day. Two of his sons were ministers of the Free Church. One rests from his labours ; the other, the Rev. Mr Macgillivray, Kilninver, survives.

Note E, p. 30.

PATRICK CAMPBELL

Was brought to the Lord in September 1816. A sermon preached by Dr Macdonald from Luke xvi. 2 ("Give an account of thy stewardship: for thou mayest be no longer steward"), on the Monday of the "Great Sacrament," was the means of his conversion. He could not contain himself, but cried aloud. Many besides tried in vain to suppress their feelings. "There was a great mourning . . . as the mourning of

Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon." That day was to many like the month Abib in Israel, the beginning of the months.

Patrick held a plurality of offices, but he was a good specimen of a pluralist. He was schoolmaster in the glen, and he held the farm of Roroyar. He was more inclined, however, to theological than to bucolic pursuits. He was a great reader, and sometimes became absorbed in his books. The late Mr J. S. Menzies of Chesthill, used to tell a ludicrous story illustrative of this. One day as Patrick was sitting at home alone reading intensely, the alarm was given that one of his cows had rolled down the rocks. He coolly told the messenger he would give what assistance he could as soon as he finished the book he was working at !

He had a vein of true poetry in him. His Elegy on the death of his old minister, Mr Macalister, is not without poetic merit. He died 12th March 1867. The following notice of him appeared at the time in the *Daily Review* :—" At Roroyar, Glenlyon, on the 12th instant, Mr Patrick Campbell, aged seventy-eight. For more than forty years he was a faithful witness for the truth, and a zealous promoter of vital godliness in Glenlyon. His two brothers, the Rev. David Campbell of Lawers, and the Rev. Duncan Campbell of Kiltearn, *par nobile fratrum*, were successively ministers of Glenlyon before the Disruption ; and the conjoined labours of the three, by the divine blessing, gave a mighty impulse to evangelical religion in the heart of Perthshire. At the time of the Disruption, Patrick was an able advocate of the principles of the Free Church, was largely instrumental in forming and

organising the Free Church congregation of Glenlyon, and for nearly three years, until the Rev. Angus Brown, now of Inverness, was ordained as its pastor, the burden of the congregation rested principally upon him. For many years he represented the Presbytery of Breadalbane as an elder in the General Assembly. Of late years the revival of religion, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom, engaged all his thoughts and formed the burden of his prayers. He died in blessed hope."

NOTE F, p. 33.

THE REV. DONALD MACKENZIE, ARDEONAIG.

A Nathanael, "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile;" full of beautiful Christian simplicity, of somewhat primitive and eccentric ways—characteristics which he inherited from his famous uncle. When at college in Edinburgh, he was a constant hearer of Dr Andrew Thomson; and when that great man suddenly died, his grief was very deep and keen. Was assistant for sometime to Mr Mackenzie of Comrie, and laboured at St Fillans; ordained at Ardeonaig in 1837, where he ministered faithfully till his death. He died 10th October 1873.

He was William Burns's colleague when he first preached at Lawers, in August 1840. They made a noble team. Mr Burns preached upon the parable of the great supper, Luke xiv. 16-24; and Mr Mackenzie followed him in Gaelic, preaching from Matt. iii. 10, "And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." He spoke, 1. Of

the axe of the *law;* 2. The axe of God's *providential chastisements and judgments;* 3. The axe of *death* and judgment. His words were "as goads, and as nails fastened by the master of assemblies." Soon after he was again Mr Burns's colleague at Kenmore. It was on a fast-day, and there was a great concourse. Mr Burns's text was Zech. ix. 11, 12, "As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water. Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope," &c. Mr Mackenzie afterwards preached an impressive sermon in Gaelic from Matt. xxv. 46, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

His preaching was charged with the *sal evangelicum* —rich, quaint, full of sap. The day before he died, he dressed himself with scrupulous care. His sister (he was never married), remarked on his elaborate toilet. "Oh," he said, "when one is going a far journey, he must be well dressed!" Next day he fell asleep in Jesus. Peace and blessing be on his memory! It must have been somewhere about 1836 that I first saw the good man, and heard him preach at Lawers. His text was Rom. xii. 1, "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God," &c.

Note G, p. 34.

"Deeply interested groups walking home," etc.

Let me here record my veneration for the names of Isobel Macpherson, Katherine Macgregor (better

known in the district as "Kate-Ewan"), and Kirsty Malloch. They are associated with my earliest recollections of the house of God. They were never absent. Wet or dry, they were there. How little they thought of walking five, ten, twenty miles to hear the word! It was "precious" (1 Sam. iii. 1) in their eyes. I think I still hear them talking, as they trudged along, of this word and that word that comforted and refreshed their souls. "And methought they spake as if joy made them speak. They spake with such pleasantness of Scripture-language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world." The memory of the gentle quaver of their voices is still sweet to me. Whenever my mother was from home for any length of time—at sea-bathing, for example, in summer, or visiting friend at a distance, either Isobel or Kate-Ewan took charge of the house. How we used to delight in their soft, kindly rule! My eldest brother, who had an extraordinary memory, would repeat the whole cxix Psalm, right off, for very gladness. I was told they frequently walked from Lochtayside to Glenlyon to hear Mr Macalister. And when they had a faithful ministry nearer home, they "watched daily at wisdom's gates, and waited at the posts of her doors," Prov. viii. 34.

Kirsty Malloch walked from Breadalbane to Ferintosh to the communion. She went to Kilsyth, in 1839, to hear William Burns. She followed him to Perth, Dundee, Blairgowrie, Caputh, Dunkeld, Blair Athole, &c. When he visited Lawers, in 1840, he preached in her mother's cottage!

It reminds one of Thomas Boston's early experience :—"I also carefully attended, for ordinary," he says, "the preaching of the word at Revelaw, where Mr Erskine (father of Ralph and Ebenezer) had his meeting-house, near about four miles from Dunse. In the summer time, company could hardly be missed ; and with them something to be heard, especially in the returning, that was for edification, to which I listened ; but in the winter, sometimes it was my lot to go alone, without so much as the benefit of a horse to carry me through Blackadder water, the wading whereof in sharp frosty weather I very well remember. But such things were then easy, for the benefit of the word, which came with power."—Life of Boston, p. 13.

Looking back on these days, I have been struck with one thing. As a rule, the zeal of these earnest souls did not take the direction of Dissent. There were exceptions. But, as a rule, while they felt starved by Moderatism, and bitterly deplored its evil, they went in search of spiritual food where they could find it, and waited for better days. I heard of a godly man who regularly attended the parish church of ——, although its services were not considered to be evangelical. One day he met some of his friends on their way to a Baptist meeting-house. An earnest discussion took place. "Are we not commanded," said they, "to come out from among them, and to be separate?" (2 Cor. vi. 17). "Yes," he replied, "but come out from among *whom;* and in *what sense* are we to come out?" "But have you Scripture warrant," they rejoined, "for acting as you now do?" "Yes," he said, "the 14th verse of the 102d Psalm, is my warrant :—

'For in her rubbish and her stones
Thy servants pleasure take;
Yea they the very dust thereof
Do favour for her sake.'"

NOTE H, p. 44.

DR MACDONALD.

Dr Macdonald's preaching on this occasion realised my conception of Whitfield's more than any preaching I have ever heard. His sermon was a sacred prose poem. The theme was idealised, so to speak, in his mind and heart and soul: he enjoyed the special assistance of the Holy Spirit: his words flowed like a stream of fire. And the power of music was superadded. He sang his sermon, and his voice at its full swell was equal to a whole orchestra of singers. How that magnificent chaunt thrilled the audience! They say that Ralph Erskine sang his sermons. The tradition still lingers in Dunfermline.

His voice was of course the first thing that struck a stranger hearing him for the first time. I have never heard a preacher's voice—*any* voice—of such compass, richness, and power. It could sweep through two octaves. If I may be pardoned for using technical language, it could sweep the scale easily from C below the treble staff, to G, or even B flat, above it. It was a most wonderful instrument. I have been told that on a Communion Sabbath, if the weather was fine, when he preached in the Burn of Ferintosh, it could easily be heard at Dingwall, and many words, and

even sentences, could be distinguished at his own house, a thousand yards off.

I heard him preach at Killin the following day, to an intensely responsive audience, from Isa. lv. 2, "Eat ye that which is good." He assisted his son-in-law at the Communion in Glenlyon in 1839. It was the 24th of August. He concluded the open-air services with an address from 1 Kings xviii. 21, "How long halt ye between two opinions"—which was accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost. The arrows of the King of Zion were sharp in the hearts of His enemies. It was a day of espousals. Many made haste and came down, and received Jesus joyfully.

In July 1842 he assisted at the Sacrament in Blair-Athole. His subject was Gal. iii. 12 (1st clause), "And the law is not of faith." It was a profound and masterly exposition of the doctrine that the way of salvation by the law is not the same as the way of salvation by faith; that the two are essentially different; that while the law says Do and live, the gospel says, Live and do; that in the one case you work *for* life, in the other you work *from* life. A good deal of the sermon was perhaps beyond the capacities of the audience, but the application was overwhelmingly solemn. He first drew a broad line of demarcation between those who had found salvation by faith, and those who were seeking it by the works of the law. He then divided the unconverted into classes—"according to their tribes," "according to their families," "by households," "man by man." Josh. vii. 14. He spoke of the several paths by which they go down

to the chambers of death—ignorance, enmity, self-righteousness, unbelief, worldliness, thoughtlessness, sloth, sleep, procrastination, sinful habits—and then cried, "Bithidh scread ghoirt an ifrinn an lorg sin" (bitter cry in hell in consequence)! It was the hammer striking the rock. How every face in the vast crowd turned pale!

I have heard old people speak of his sermon upon Ruth, i. 16, "Entreat me not to leave thee," &c., preached in 1817, in the Hogs' Park at Milton, Lawers, on the Monday of the Communion. They described it as perhaps the most powerful and affecting sermon he ever preached. "The fervid eloquence, and the pathetic appeals near its conclusion seemed to move and to constrain even the most careless. Many were deeply affected and agitated both in mind and body."—(*Memoir of Findlater*, p. 196). One man who was present told me that the weeping towards the end reminded him of the bleating when lambs are being weaned—loud, general—as if the whole hillside were bleating! I do not in the least doubt it. At the same time, having heard him often, and had abundant opportunities of judging, I believe the sermon he delivered that day at Blair-Athole, in point of profound theological knowledge, argumentative power, luminous illustration of some of the most difficult heads in divinity, and close, inevitable application to the conscience of the hearer, was among the most remarkable he ever preached.

He assisted regularly in the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, for many years. Here are some of his texts—"We have found the Messiah, which is, being inter-

preted, the Christ," John i. 41 ; "Who can understand his errors ? Cleanse thou me from secret faults," Ps. xix. 12 ; "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty, He will save thee," &c., Zeph. iii. 17 ; "By His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many," &c., Isa. liii. 11 ; "Neither give place to the devil," Eph. iv. 27; "The full soul loatheth an honeycomb, but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet," Prov. xxvi. 7 ; "And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be," Eccl. xi. 3 ; "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him. . . . Every man, therefore, that hath heard and learned of the Father, cometh unto me," John vi. 44, 45; "As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep," John x. 15; "I am that bread of life," John vi. 48; The parable of the wheat and tares, Mat. xiii. 24-30; "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," &c., 2 Cor. iv. 18. On one occasion, after the Disruption, when the prospects of the Free Church were dark, and fears were entertained that no adequate provision could be made for her ministers, he made his hearers smile by reading for his text, 1 Kings xvii. 14, "For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruise of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." Fragments of these sermons, like particles of gold dust, still lie in my memory.

It is unnecessary to attempt a characterization of his preaching, as this has been done by Dr Kennedy of

Dingwall in his memoir of him. It was doctrinal rather than experimental. He felt that the greatest thing in preaching is the presentation of Christ, the setting forth of the matchless glory of His person, and love, and death. He fixed his eye on the grand objective facts of the gospel. He directed the eyes of his hearers to them. For every one look at himself and his mental states he gave ten at Christ. This was the secret of his unfailing cheerfulness. He was like Charles of Bala: it was a good sermon to see him. "The joy of the Lord was his strength." He knew and understood well "that tragedy of the Christian life"—the struggle with indwelling sin. He had been under the penumbra of doubt. But he was always bright and sunny—had a smile and a kind word for every one—threw himself into his work with hopeful and joyous alacrity—and never complained of fatigue when he did the work of two.

His taste was beautifully severe. He was exceedingly chary of using anything for purposes of illustration in preaching, except what lay within the four corners of the Bible. His illustrations were exquisite, but they were almost invariably biblical. One who did so much evangelistic work, who preached all over Scotland, who met and personally dealt with so many anxious inquirers, must have had a great store of materials that men of less fastidious taste would feel warranted in using in the pulpit to illustrate such points as conviction of sin, repentance, saving faith, and the like. He scarcely ever drew upon it. But when he told an anecdote, it was never forgotten. On a Communion Sabbath evening, about the year 1841,

he preached in the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh. He had been in Skye shortly before, and had seen "a noise and a shaking among the dry bones." A young woman had been awakened, and had sobbed aloud. The service was concluded, the benediction was pronounced, but she followed him weeping bitterly. Like Evangelist, when he found Christian weeping outside the walls of the City of Destruction, he turned and asked her, "Wherefore dost thou cry?" "Oh," she said, "Tha firinnean Dhè a tolladh mo chridhe" (God's truths pierce my heart through and through!)

The last time I saw him was at Dunoon in October 1848. He preached there on a Tuesday evening, from Rom. iv. 5, "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Jehovah Tsidkenu—*Justification by faith*—was his theme to the last! Like Whitfield, he would say, "O the righteousness of Christ! The righteousness of Christ! excuse me if I speak of it in every sermon!" Next day he preached twice at Kilmun, in English, from 1 Thess. i. 4, "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God;" in Gaelic, from Ps. cxix. 105, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Curious, when crossing with him in the steamer, I noticed that his boots were tight. In a few days I heard that a tight boot had hurt his foot, and that the wound festered. It was the beginning of the end. His last text was Ecc. ix. 10, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou

goest." On the 16th April 1849 he fell asleep. I owe him more than I like to say.

Soon after his death, his son, Kenneth, gave me a volume of his manuscripts, which is among my sacred possessions. It contains Lectures on Luke, from chaps. vi-xv. inclusive, written between April 1832 and March 1837, with Sunday Sermons upon miscellaneous subjects.

Both the Lectures and Sermons are mere outlines, short, terse, unadorned; but they have the true ring in them. They remind you of the strong timbers of a man-of-war. They go at once to the heart of the subject—there is not an unnecessary word—the logic is invulnerable—the lines of thought are as straight as a needle. Here and there you have fine spiritual gleams—touching allusions to current events, such as the outbreak of cholera, religious awakenings in different places, collections, &c.; the whole interspersed with notices of preaching tours in all parts of the Highlands. They ought to be published. Let me give a single specimen at a venture, not because it is the best, but because it is very characteristic.

"*June 28th* 1835.—Read Exod. xxxii.; Preached from verse 26th, 'Who is on the Lord's side?'

Occasion of these words. The question speaks to us. Much idolatry, forgetfulness of God, &c., among us. We have been lately on the Mount professing to be on the Lord's side. Who then *is* on the Lord's side?

1. What is it to be so? To know Him—to forsake every sin—to be attached to Him—bear His image.

2. Let such stand forth. Separate themselves from

others—appear for Him—especially when others forsake Him—"show that they *are* for Him—not be ashamed," &c.

3. Let them take their swords, and slay their enemies, their spiritual enemies. If they would be like brothers,—'the sons of Levi,' here spoken of, &c.

Inference 1. All either on the Lord's side or the devil's.

2. What prevents many from being on the Lord's side?

3. Those who are on the Lord's side shall prevail."

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,—
He fell—but felt no fear.

His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

NOTE I, Page 49.

REV. DAVID CAMPBELL OF LAWERS.

I THINK it was in the summer of 1834 I first heard

him preach on a Sabbath evening at Innervar. The service was to have been in the schoolhouse, but owing to the crowd, it had to be conducted in the open air. He began by singing Ps. lv. 1-6. I remember the pathos he threw into the reading of the psalm, especially when he came to the sixth verse:—

"O that I, like a dove, had wings,
Said I, then would I flee
Far hence, that I might find a place
Where I in rest might be."

The text was 1 Pet. iv. 18—"And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" How the gushing, swift-flowing stream of fervid, impassioned appeal carried the people away! Night came down upon us, and I still remember the terror of driving home through the Black Wood.

Duncan Bân Cameron, Baptist preacher at Dall, Rannoch, once told me of a sermon which he (David Campbell) preached in Kinloch-Rannoch from John xiv. 6: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life," &c., which was like the sound of the jubilee to the poor people. The gospel was new to them. They felt that "the year of God's redeemed" was come. The doctrine that salvation is free—that man has nothing to do to merit it—that Jesus is the way to the Father—was glad tidings indeed. Their ears were not then familiar with the sound:—

"Nothing, either great or small;
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago," &c.

He always assisted at Fortingal on sacramental occasions, and large congregations assembled to hear him. I heard him at least thrice there—on the Great Supper, the Balm of Gilead, and John v. 40, "And ye will not come to me that ye might have life." In the sermon upon the Supper, he dwelt with great earnestness upon the madness of excuses, and I hear to this hour the intonations of his voice, as he sounded forth at the close of each successive paragraph, "*Compel* them to come in, that my house may be filled."

An incident, in itself trifling, helped to impress the sermon from John v. 40 upon my memory. The open-air congregation at Fortingal usually met on a steep, rocky slope above the village. That day a group of young lads took up their position upon a ledge of rock a gunshot from the tent, and sat perched there in full sight of the congregation and the preacher, talking and laughing. After reading the text, he remarked that spiritual ignorance was the chief reason why men did not come to Christ, and that the text contained His lament over the ignorance of a lost world. At this point his eye caught the merry group on the rock. "I am afraid," he said, "I can't speak loud enough for these lads on the rock to hear me; if they have come to hear the gospel, I hope they will have the kindness to come nearer!" His brother, Duncan, took some part in the services of the day. On the way home an honest countryman was overtaken by the minister of ——, a genuine Moderate of the Old School. The rustic made his best bow, and innocently remarked, "Well, these Campbells are able men." The remark was "like vinegar upon nitre," however. "Hem!"

said the minister, "are we not *all* able men?" and gave his steed the spur.

He was Dr Macdonald's colleague at Lawers on the occasion referred to on page 43 of this book, and preached the opening sermon. His text was John v. 28, 29, "Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." His description of the resurrection of damnation helped to "break up the fallow ground," and prepare it for receiving the good seed which the doctor afterwards scattered so abundantly in the furrows. I remember the emotion with which he read the closing Psalm before Dr Macdonald began. It was Psalm l. 4-6:—

"He to the heavens from above,
And to the earth below,
Shall call, that He His judgments may
Before His people show."

I also heard him preach in Glenlyon in the spring of 1836, immediately before his translation to Inverness, from the text, Psalm cxxxi. 2, "My soul is even as a weaned child." After that I never saw him till the eve of the Disruption.

During the summer of 1843, as well as for some years afterwards, the whole country was in a ferment, and all the ministers who cast in their lot with the Free Church had to take their share in the work of ecclesiastical re-construction and re-organisation which was going on. Mr Campbell, then Free Church minister of Tarbat,

in Easter Ross, visited his native county to give what assistance he could in expounding and defending the principles of the Free Church, in forming congregations, planting stations, encouraging the adhering people, and stirring them up both to home missionary enterprise, and to earnest and self-sacrificing liberalities. He preached in most of the congregations and stations within the bounds of the Presbytery of Breadalbane, and delivered sundry addresses upon the Sustentation Fund, &c. I heard him preach in various places (Amulree, Logierait, Dull, Aberfeldy, Fortingal, &c.) from Heb. vii. 25; Isa. l. 10; Prov. viii. 4; 1 Cor. x. 4; Ezek. xxxiii. 11, &c. I heard him also preach at the communion in Blair-Athole from John i. 14, and Ps. cxlix. 2. But the stress of the Disruption-work soon injured his health, and his "strength was weakened in the way." In 1855 he left Ross-shire, and removed to Lawers, where he has laboured ever since. For some time he has been (as the late Rev. Peter Currie of Stockwell, Glasgow, in his declining years, used to express it), "a *waiting* minister, rather than a working minister," sighing to get home—often longing, in the spirit of the beautiful lines:—

"Oh, for the robes of whiteness!
Oh, for the tearless eyes!
Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

Oh, for the no more weeping
Within the land of love;
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

Oh, for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh, for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!

Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face!
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.

Jesus! Thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter
Even now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In Thee, and Thee alone."

NOTE J, page 58.

REV. DUGALD CAMPBELL AND REV. JOHN LOGAN.

MR Dugald Campbell was a native of Lismore. For some time he was missionary at Benbecula; succeeded Mr Duncan Campbell at Lawers, and ministered there from 1837 to 1842. His ministry was much blessed. You could not meet him without feeling that he was a very holy man. He was one of Mr M'Cheyne's correspondents. (See M'Cheyne's Memoir). He was a wrestler at the mercy-seat. Like Epaphras, he "laboured fervently in prayer." His ministry was one prolonged cry for the "plentiful rain." The continual longing of his heart found vent in words like

these,—"Why is His chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of His chariots?" "Oh! that thou wouldst rend the heaven, that thou wouldst come down," &c. "Come from the four winds, O breath!"

When he heard of the work of God at Kilsyth in 1839, his soul was on fire, and he never rested until he brought Mr William Burns to Lawers. (See Memoir of Rev. W. C. Burns, p. 188). God sent showers of blessing during Mr Burns's visit. Mr Campbell was willing to be *nothing*. "He must increase, but I must decrease." He was "content to fill a little space, if Christ were glorified." But his multifarious labours soon wore out a frame not constitutionally robust. He panted to reach the goal. I remember a sermon he preached in the summer of 1842, from Song iv. 16, "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south!" &c. It was the preaching of one who longed for "the wings of a great eagle" that he might fly away to the better land. When he came into the manse afterwards, he kept repeating, "O dear friends, pray for the wind! pray for the wind!" He died in Edinburgh, September 16th 1842, and was buried in the West Kirk burying-ground. I remember my mother's weeping when the news of his death arrived. His memory is still fragrant in the district.

When the presbytery of Aberdeen, alarmed by the results of Mr Burns's labours, appointed a Committee of Enquiry, with instructions to issue queries to those ministers in whose congregations he had been labouring, Mr Campbell returned the following answers,—

"*Manse of Lawers, Breadalbane,*
31st March, 1841.

"REVEREND SIR,—I have received a letter from a Committee of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, upon the subject of Revivals, requesting me to answer a number of queries, as to the glorious work of the Lord in this congregation. The subject being of such importance, I felt it my duty to call a Committee of my congregation to aid in returning the subjoined answers.

"After praise and prayer, the members of the Committee who were present were—Messrs. John M'Diarmid, elder; Duncan Graham, elder; Peter Campbell, elder; Malcolm M'Pherson, farmer; Alex. Dewar, wright; Donald Malloch, farmer; Peter Malloch, do.; Duncan M'Farlane, do.; John M'Phail, do.; Peter M'Laren, do.; John M'Pherson; do.; Donald M'Naughton, do.; John Dewar, wright; Alex. Fisher, farmer; John M'Nab, do.; Donald M'Diarmid, do.; Finlay M'Nab, do.; Mungo Campbell, do.; Robert M'Martin, do.; John M'Martin, do. I beg to observe that all the answers were unanimously agreed upon, after each query had been considered by the Committee.

"I. Revivals have taken place in this district to a very considerable extent.

"II. The Spirit of God made use, in a remarkable manner, of the Rev. W. C. Burns, in bringing about the Revivals in this place by the preaching of the Gospel.

"III. In the preaching of Mr Burns, there was something which told his hearers that he was in earnest for the salvation of their souls; he dwelt continually upon the love of Emmanuel, in laying down his life for sinners; but it was chiefly during prayer that the results which fell under our observation took place.

"IV. There were no children addressed apart from the congregation; yet there were a number of young persons,

from the age of thirteen and upwards, of both sexes, deeply impressed under the preaching of Mr Burns; and we have reason to bless God that we can point out some in this congregation who have been made subjects of Divine grace, after Mr Burns left us; and we trust that God's Spirit is still at work amongst us.

"V. Those awakened were all respectable as to their moral character, with the exception of very few.

"VI. We must observe that there are very few, indeed, in this congregation who deserved the name of notorious drunkards; yet, some who have been in some degree addicted to drinking are now become shining characters; and others, who neglected both family duties and public ordinances, are now become very remarkable for their diligence in the use of the means of grace.

"VII. We cannot mention the number.

"VIII. The conduct of all the parties has been, with the exception of two or three, most consistent. The Revival commenced visibly, in this congregation, on Sabbath the 16th of August 1840.

"IX. Yes.

"X. There were sobs, groans, and cries to be heard among the awakened in this place; but the work of God's Spirit, in convincing of the evil of sin, and of sinners' need of a hiding place from the storm, was particularly manifest, in floods of tears upon every cheek, when they looked unto Him whom they had pierced. I remember one day, during the month of August last, standing at the door of the room in which I now write, and hearing one of my flock at prayer, and using such words as the following:—"Lord Jesus, save my soul—it is this day that I want salvation—wilt thou suffer Satan to chain my soul for ever in hell?"—and many expressions to that effect. Oh, that I might see another day like that wonderful day!

"XI. No answer.

"XII. One fainted in this congregation, but no convulsions; but I saw in another congregation, while I was myself offering Christ to them, from the Song of Solomon, 3d chapter, 11th verse. There was not one word of terror in my sermon, and yet I saw three fainting; and I can never forget the feelings of my soul on that evening, when, owing to the voice of lamentation that filled the Church, I was obliged to stand for some time without saying a word in the pulpit. This took place when I was preaching for my dear friend, the Minister of Grandtully.

"XIII. I never had a meeting later than half-past ten o'clock, P.M., while our beloved friend Mr Burns was here; and it was in order to accommodate the people that we were obliged to meet later than we would otherwise have done. You will remember that it was *harvest time* that we had them.

"XIV. I approve of all meetings, in season and out of season, that may put the crown upon the head of Emmanuel, and destroy the kingdom of Satan. I may say that I have been engaged in such meetings for the last twelve years, and never knew one instance in which they had any tendency to cast dishonour upon the law of God.

"XV. No death temporal took place; but I hope many died in the same way as is mentioned in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 7th chapter, 9th verse.

"XVI. I might mention many circumstances connected with the Revivals in this place which tend to account for the glorious change which the Spirit of God wrought amongst us. I may mention that we were longing for such a change. Prayer meetings were kept up—reports of revivals in other parts of the world were regularly laid before the people; and these statements were greatly blessed in stirring up the people to seek the Lord. I may state, also, that since the

Revival the people are most eager in their attendance upon the means of grace; that the solemnity which appears in our assemblies is most remarkable; and that the work of the Lord is still going on, and the people keeping together, although much annoyed by a few Baptists, who seem more anxious to press their own peculiar tenets upon the minds of the converts in my congregation, than the grand doctrine of Christ and Him crucified.

I remain, Reverend Sir, yours very truly,

DUGALD CAMPBELL."

The Rev. W. R. PIRIE,
Manse of Dyce, by Aberdeen.

He was succeeded by the Rev. John Logan, who laboured at Lawers for eleven years (1843-1854). Mr Logan was a man of unique gifts—"a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven;" a consummate master of allegory; an ingenious expounder of the symbolisms of Scripture; a fresh and forcible preacher; a devoted pastor and evangelist; an indefatigable worker in the Lord's vineyard; an honoured and successful winner of souls. In the several spheres where he exercised his ministry—Lawers, Dundee, Duthil, Glasgow—he left a sweet savour of Christ behind him; and when he died he left a wasteful blank in many hearts.

NOTE K. (page 75.)

REV. JAMES NOBLE, POOLEWE.

The following sketch of him, by a friendly hand, appeared at the time of his death. It will still be read

with interest, I doubt not, by many who warmly cherish his memory.

"A great breach has recently been made in the ranks of the Disruption ministers by the death of the Rev. James Noble, minister of the large and important congregation of Poolewe. Mr Noble was a native of Killearnan, near Inverness. He studied both at King's College, Aberdeen, and at the University of Edinburgh, and took a high place in classics, philosophy, medicine, and theology. His knowledge and practice of medicine were extensive, and eminently useful in the secluded district in which his lot was latterly cast. Without disparagement to any one, it may be said confidently that few medical practitioners in the Highlands were more frequently consulted than Mr Noble. His first charge was Lybster, in Caithness, where he had a large and much-attached congregation. From Lybster he was translated to the Gaelic Church of Edinburgh. It was during his incumbency there that the Disruption took place in the Church of Scotland. Mr Noble had not a moment's hesitation in casting in his lot with the Free Church, and his congregation to a man followed their faithful and beloved pastor. It would fill a volume to convey even a faint idea of the labour and toil which the Disruption imposed on the minister of the Gaelic congregation of Edinburgh. Dr Mackay of Dunoon, now of Harris, was convener of the committee on the Highlands, and he was a host in himself, but no man single-handed could overtake the arduous duties of the committee at that trying period. In Mr Noble Dr Mackay found a congenial and able assistant. There was

scarcely a congregation in the Highlands that did not devolve some duty on Mr Noble. To suppose that all were satisfied and no mistakes committed would be unreasonable, but all will admit that in the midst of unparalleled difficulties Mr Noble exhibited a wonderful amount of patience, prudence, and conscientious desire to carry out what seemed to be for the best interests of the Church. The day alone shall disclose how much he laboured at that time in selecting, encouraging, and assisting Gaelic-speaking students in their efforts to study for the ministry. In him they found a friend and benefactor, and in his house a home. The poor but deserving student never appealed to him in vain, never met with a frown, never was sent empty away. We have often heard him express his surprise and gratitude that, during the whole of his stay in Edinburgh, he never appealed in vain for funds for relieving the wants of students. In 1849, Mr Noble accepted a call from the Free Church congregation of Poolewe, where he had first begun life as tutor in the family of one of the old proprietors of the parish. This step was viewed by the whole community as one of self-sacrifice unexampled in even the annals of the Disruption. Every one acquainted with the circumstances felt that removing from Edinburgh to Poolewe was something like exchanging a palace for a hut. The congregation had neither church nor manse, and the poor people, though anxious for the means of grace, had hardly emerged from a state of destitution bordering upon famine. At first his family had to reside at a distance of ninety miles from the scene of his labours, but, through the kindness and

liberality of friends all over Scotland, a manse and two churches were speedily erected. On the subject of education Mr Noble was perfectly enthusiastic, and in this his efforts were cordially seconded by the Ladies' Association, and by the Gairloch family, who are doing much to educate the people resident on their extensive estates, and one of whom built a very handsome school for girls, in connection with the congregation of Poolewe, and supports it wholly at his own expense. As a preacher Mr Noble excelled in clear and forcible exposition of the Word of God, in faithful and earnest appeals to the conscience, in masterly solution of doctrinal difficulties, and in presenting truth in a fresh and striking light. His family visitations and district catechisings were exercises in which he had much enjoyment, and they were highly appreciated by his people. As a friend he was kind and constant. The duties of hospitality he discharged with more than Highland freeness. His personal appearance was tall and commanding. His face beamed with intelligence and benevolence. His conversation was most entertaining and full of animation. His manners were those of a perfect gentleman. Wherever he went his presence commanded respect. So winning was his manner with children that they always rejoiced at seeing him; and at his death the children of the parish cried as for a father. He was indeed a father to all his people, taking a deep interest in their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare. In 1859 he was appointed by the Colonial Committee to visit certain portions of the Church in America, and he got a call from the con-

gregation of Pictou, Nova Scotia, which he declined. Endeared to his people by many sacred ties, the time of his death was extremely affecting. Having visited Strathpeffer for the benefit of his health, the waters did him more harm than good. He returned home to die, having previously appointed the 23d of October for dispensing the Lord's Supper in the congregation. The solemn services had begun, and the public work of Thursday was over, when, amidst the tears and prayers of his people, his afflicted family, and the brethren that had come to assist at the communion, the pastor was taken away to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Mr Noble died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and twenty-fifth of his ministry. At last General Assembly, before whom he preached by appointment, he was to all appearance in his prime, full of life, happy in meeting so many of his brethren; and he seemed to give promise of at least a dozen, if not a score of years, of active service in the Church. But the Master thought otherwise. He has called His servant to his rest and reward."—*October* 1864.

THE END.

Turnbull & Spears, Printers, Edinburgh.

Rev N. L. Walker

With the Authors Kind

regards

Sept 8th 1874: